



No. 295.—Vol. XXIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
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MR. FORBES ROBERTSON AS MACBETH, AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BARON A. VON MEYER W.

LAST HONOURS TO THE EMPRESS.

The last honours have been paid at Vienna to the remains of the murdered Empress. On the evening of Thursday, Sept. 15, the body arrived at Vienna and was conveyed to the Hofburg. At half-past ten the Emperor, with his daughters Gisela and Valerie and his two sons-in-law, went down to the grand staircase and received the body, which was immediately borne into the chapel. The Emperor's self-control was marvellous, but the Archduchess Valerie was completely overcome. Besides the Imperial family, only the ladies and gentlemen who had accompanied the remains from Switzerland entered the chapel. With these his Majesty silently shook hands. When the coffin had been placed upon the bier a brief service was held. At the close the Emperor kissed the coffin and withdrew to Schönbrunn.



THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

On Friday the chapel was thrown open for the public lying-in-state. The building was draped entirely in black. On a catafalque in the centre, under a canopy of black velvet, the coffin was placed. Around it burned three rows of tapers in silver sconces; on each side were posted the Austrian and Hungarian Guards, the former with drawn swords, the latter with halberds. On footstools at the head of the coffin were the crowns of an Empress, of a Queen, of an Archduchess, and of a Princess. On a cushion lay a black fan and a pair of white gloves. As early as five o'clock in the morning mourners began to arrive, and the troops soon had to regulate vast crowds. Wreaths were deposited on the bier in great numbers by distinguished personages, and before eight o'clock two hundred had been laid down. At that hour Mass was said, and the general public was admitted. All day citizens and peasants, many from a great distance, filed through the chapel, and at five o'clock, when the doors were closed, thousands turned disappointed away.

On Saturday the final ceremonies were performed in the Capuchin Church, the ancestral burial-place of the House of Hapsburg. All Vienna was in mourning, but not many of the citizens could view the procession, as the route from the Imperial Palace to the church is something short of a quarter of a mile. Every available view-point was accordingly occupied almost from the dawn. The scene before four o'clock in the Neuer Markt, the square opposite the Capuchin Church, was picturesque in the extreme, and such as only Vienna could produce. The officers of the army and navy were grouped with Hungarian and Polish noblemen in the costume of the middle ages, and with Orientally clad Mahomedans from Bosnia.

At four o'clock, to the tolling of bells and the roll of muffled drums, the procession started. A long line of monks and the civic officials headed the procession, a squadron of cavalry and the officials of the late Empress's household followed, and the hearse used only at the burial of an Emperor or Empress came next. Further military display closed the *cortège*. The Emperor proceeded to the church by a private way,



THE ASSASSIN, LUIGI LUCCHINI.

From a Photo supplied by the Département de Justice, Geneva.

and was supported by the Emperor William, and the Sovereigns of Saxony, Roumania, and Servia. After the service, throughout which he maintained a remarkable composure, broken only at the last, Francis Joseph left the church leaning on the arm of the Emperor William, thus strangely symbolising the stricken decrepitude of Austria and the vigorous adolescence of Germany. A Requiem Mass, attended by the representative of her Majesty (and by representatives of the various Embassies), was held on Saturday in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Berkeley Square.

SHAKSPEARE IN NINETEEN TABLEAUX.

A somewhat curious effect was produced in the revival at the Lyceum last Saturday by Mr. Forbes Robertson of "Macbeth," owing to the frequent changes of scene, and one is tempted to think that the new production has been clumsily divided. Yet inspection shows that the current printed versions divide the drama into twenty scenes, while in Sir Henry Irving's production the number was exactly the same as in the present acting edition. Consequently, one must look for some explanation of the curious kaleidoscopic effect of the new "Macbeth."—Probably the absence of the incidental music, generally played during the changes of scene, is at the bottom of the mystery. The absence of this music also explains the fact that the play was over by eleven. One is tempted to smile at the thought that the *première* of "The Great Ruby" began half-an-hour earlier and ended more than an hour later. Perhaps ere this appears in print the story concerning Mr. Hamish McCunn, the missing music, and the managerial announcement about Mr. McCunn having failed to provide the music, will be known to the town. However, there is matter more important than the question of the form of the acting version, with which, indeed, no complaint will be made, save by the fanatical.

Is Mr. Forbes Robertson's Macbeth as good as his Hamlet? Is Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Lady Macbeth better than her Ophelia? That is the sort of question we have to deal with, and, of course, to avoid answering if possible. The first thing that strikes one about the actor is his make-up, which to some suggested pictures of Judas, and to others the commonly accepted portraits of his Master. Certainly Mr. Robertson presented a picturesque, manly appearance, very different from that of Garrick, Kean, Macklin, or Barry, as shown in the pictures of famous Macbeths presented last week. Still less, save in the sleep-walking scene, did Mrs. Patrick Campbell, with her bunched-up masses of raven-black hair, and her clinging, intricate costumes full of puzzling colours, suggest the current idea of the terrible creature whose name will always be associated with that of Mrs. Siddons. Perhaps, in using the word "terrible," one should also mention the fact that Mrs. Siddons spoke of Lady Macbeth as a fair, delicate, womanly woman—a view not accepted by all the commentators or critics. Probably our grandfathers would have turned up their noses at the present revival and found comparatively little to admire. The avoidance of "points" is carried almost to excess by the principal characters, and Mr. Robertson's sincere and able effort to render Macbeth psychologically interesting rather than physically effective imperils the success of some of the scenes, and, on the other hand, gives great force to others. The memory of his presentation of horror, disgust, and terror after the crime will not readily pass away, nor the impression of the awful melancholy of the man who might have echoed his wife's tragic phrase—

Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.

It is difficult to say, of course, what will be the general opinion as to Mr. Robertson's work. I think none will consider that it equals his Hamlet, a part for which he seems to have been specially designed, but that it is an admirable and very interesting presentation of what may fairly be called the most difficult character in drama can hardly be questioned. Mrs. Patrick Campbell certainly has a harder task; the comparatively early disappearance of Lady Macbeth tends to weaken the impression made by any actress, whilst the fact that she must in her scenes overtop the Macbeth causes great difficulty. Mrs. Pritchard apparently overtopped Garrick, and certainly Mrs. Siddons put all her Macbeths in the shade; but no such triumph could be expected of Mrs. Campbell, necessarily forced by the limitations of her fascinating personality to adopt the attitude of insinuator and supplicator rather than termagant. To be just, she gives an interesting, artistic performance, which in the sleep-walking scene touches a high note of pathos, and, though perhaps inclined to be monotonous, her delivery of the text has no little beauty. Mr. Robert Taber, as far as one can guess, is as good a Macduff as the part has ever known. Some say that he puts too little intensity into that famous bone of contention, "He has no children." Of course, one must not forget that the part is remarkably effective when praising his brilliant piece of work. The Banquo of Mr. Bernard Gould was excellent as a man, but his arrangement as a ghost was not very effective. Mr. Ian Robertson certainly makes a very bogie kind of witch. The part of Malcolm was brightly played by Mr. Martin Harvey. The murderers were rather over made-up and looked so horrible that the audience tittered a little. The costumes have been well designed, and presented some charming effects, and the scenery was excellent, though the supernatural effects are not so uncanny as usual. E. F. S.

"The Royal Star," the new piece at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, suffers from comparison with "La Poupée," its predecessor, since the music of M. Justin Clerice, if bright and tuneful, has not by any means the piquant melodies of M. Audran's score, while M. Ordonneau has not succeeded in inventing a story with half the charm of his toy-shop tale. Nevertheless, in the simple love-story of the young man of family and the actress there is some prettiness, and the character of her father, as presented by Mr. Willie Edouin, is thoroughly entertaining—in fact, though we had a great deal of Mr. Willie Edouin, the audience never grew tired of him. Mr. Courtice Pounds sang charmingly, and Miss Stella Gastelle, as leading lady, met with favour. The company has a strong reserve force in Miss Ada Blanche and Miss Aileen D'Orme, whose services were barely used. The costumes out-Trelawny Trelawny in their grotesqueness, but the work is very handsomely mounted.



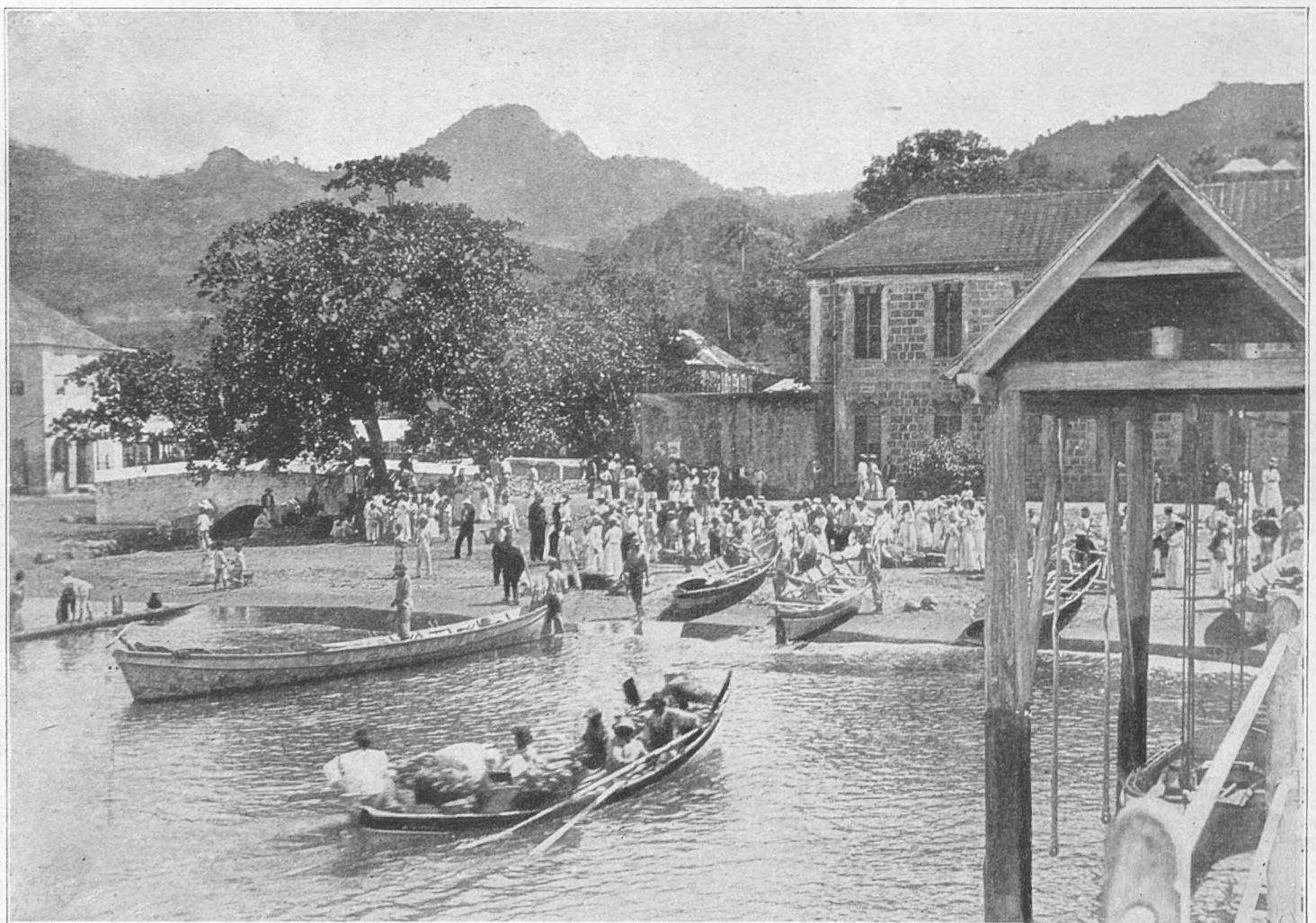
Ambleteuse, near Boulogne-sur-Mer, a favourite resort of artists, has good oyster-beds, and the proprietor's daughter, a charming bicyclist, is the pride of the village.

THE GREAT DISASTERS IN THE WEST INDIES.

On Sunday, Sept. 11, a terrible hurricane visited St. Vincent and Barbados, doing fearful damage to life and property, and rendering thousands homeless.



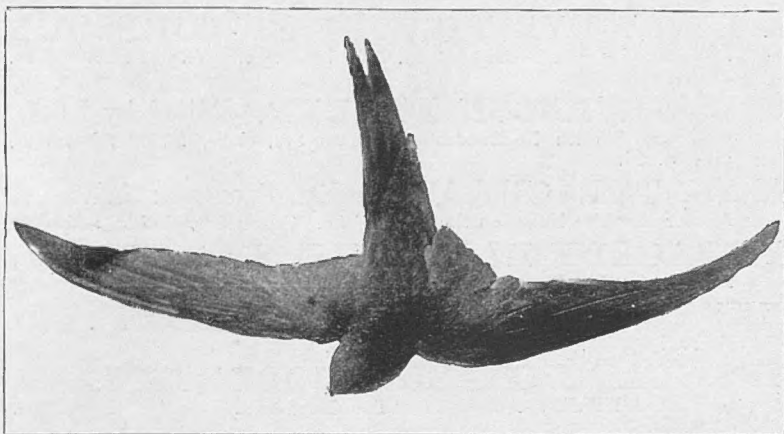
THE BAY, KINGSTOWN, ST. VINCENT.



THE LANDING-STAGE, ST. VINCENT.

CURIOUS INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH SWIFTS.

The Swift pays but a brief visit to these isles, being the latest to arrive and the first migrant to leave our shores, taking its departure at the end of August or early in September. It does not congregate in such large numbers as the swallows, but parties of a dozen or more may be seen sweeping through the air like a whirlwind, screaming—there is no other



A SWIFT PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

word for it—in company at the top of their voices. Their flight, which is very erratic, exceeds in power that of every other bird on earth. They live on the wing, and when, as sometimes happens, the supply of insect food fails, they perish miserably. The nest of the swift is roughly made of straw, and is placed in very inaccessible positions. A number of birds have built under the roof of my house for some years, but I have not been able to reach the eggs. They have for near neighbours some starlings, and one evening a curious thing happened. Apparently a quarrel arose between a swift and a starling; the former seized the latter with its short but powerful claws in such a manner that the starling could not fly, and together they fell—the swift screaming and the starling uttering dreadful cries—to the ground, so engaged in combat that I made an easy capture of the pair; the swift did not lose its grip until considerable force had been used, and then fiercely assailed my hand; the starling I at once enlarged, but, having been told that the swift could not rise from the earth unaided, owing to the length of wing and shortness of leg, I determined to test the matter, and carefully placed the bird flat on the ground; for an instant it was perfectly still, and then, flapping the ground with its long wings, it half flew and half jumped for several yards until, gaining sufficient momentum, it rose in the air and took its flight, a certain proof that it is capable of doing so when necessary.

Quite recently I saw another swift in an unusual position. My little three-year-old daughter came running to say that a "little birdie" was



A LIVE SWIFT HANGING TO A CURRANT-BUSH.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

sticking on a currant-bush, and that I must come and see it; and there, sure enough, was a swift. The ever-ready camera was at once put in use. Having secured a negative, I examined the bird more closely, to ascertain the reason of its strange behaviour; on being touched it screamed, but did not attempt to fly. I found that one wing was slightly injured, which accounted for its not taking flight, and I removed it to a place of safety for the night, thinking it would recover if given a rest. It remained with me two days, and then disappeared, either taking its flight or being devoured by the family cat, who, besides being a noted "ratter," is very sweet on birds.

A VILLA—NOT SUBURBAN.

A mile or so from Hanborough Station, on the Oxford and Wolverhampton branch-line, the traveller passes within a stone's throw of a low, thatched-roof building nestling in a sweet little valley near the side of a willow-margined stream. Under that thatched roof lies an exquisite mosaic pavement, trodden long ages ago by the sandalled feet of the Roman conquerors of Britain. Although many years have elapsed since the ploughshare first uncovered this Roman villa, few are aware of its existence, and fewer still are they who tread this lovely floor and muse in this quiet spot of that far-off time when this sea-girt isle was ruled from the side of the Tiber. The first discovery was made in the form of some bricks and tiles of unusual construction, and the curiosity aroused by these Roman remains led to those thorough excavations which laid bare the villa as it is now seen. It seems probable that the building shown in the photographs was but one of a series of such in its immediate vicinity, for when the first explorations were made various suites of rooms were discovered near by and many remains were unearthed. The mosaic floor shown in the accompanying photograph is twenty-eight feet long by twenty-two feet wide, and the whole is supported by small



THE VILLA AS THATCHED IN TO KEEP THE WIND AWAY.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

pillars constructed of tiles placed about two feet apart. On one side of the room there are several small flues leading up from beneath, probably used for heating or ventilating purposes. Along the margin of the pavement nearest the door many of the cubes are quite loose, and there are few visitors who can resist the temptation of appropriating a few of these interesting relics. There are not many who pause to think that this pavement is more interesting in its entirety under this thatched roof than scattered hither and thither piecemeal in a few thousand homes.

There is another danger threatening this unique survival of the past. On a visitor being shown over the building, it is the custom to souse the floor with water for the purpose of revealing the pattern more clearly, and, although this is done with the best and kindest of intentions, there can be no question that the practice is fraught with danger. Until recently visitors were shown a special breed of huge snails which are supposed locally to be survivors of the Roman invasion, but of late they have almost disappeared from the building.



THE FLOOR OF THE VILLA WROUGHT BY THE ROMANS.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

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OFFICE OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, STRAND, W.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The terrible tragedy in Switzerland by which the Empress of Austria came to a sudden end may not be entirely without benefit to Europe. In the first place, the universal sympathy that will go out towards the unhappy Emperor may diminish the bitterness of the faction-fights that rend his kingdom in all directions. If there be one point on which the Austrian Empire is united, it is devotion to the Emperor Francis Joseph. He alone manages to stave off disaster after disaster, and the shrewdest politicians in Europe are unable to look with indifference to the time when the life clouded by many sorrows shall come to an end. Secondly, strong action will be taken against militant Anarchists. Anarchy itself, as many honest thinkers deem, is a very ideal state of existence, in which all men do their duty and there is no need for law. It has been the dream during the past three decades of many poets and thinkers who would step aside to avoid crushing the smallest insect. The militant Anarchists who seek to realise these aims by destruction have nothing in common with the rest. They cannot be argued with, and should be treated as men treat vipers. The scum of the earth who would harm their fellow-creatures under any name have brought the Anarchist ideal into disrepute. They are followers of no creed; they have not studied in any school of thought; they are society's open and dangerous enemies, and should be treated as such. It is a significant fact that during the past two years the police of London have kept a very strict eye upon these disreputable visitors, and places like the old Autonomy Club no longer flourish openly and without fear.

It would seem impossible to find in the world a man who has been tried so severely as the Emperor Francis Joseph, and one who so little deserves his manifold misfortunes. He is adored by all his subjects for his good heart and his many little acts of kindness. On coming to the throne, fifty years ago, he seemed to have a fair chance of happiness before him. He was then, his contemporaries say, a fine young man with distinguished bearing and much charm of manner. For many years now the worst luck seems to have pursued him. Vanquished by the French and deprived of the Italian provinces, beaten by Prussia, the only times his armies have been victorious in their many engagements were at Novara and at Custoza. Death has struck down his family one after another, his heir is a sickly youth, and as to his empire—when a house is divided against itself, how shall it stand?

In the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* there is an amusing article by Mr. MacDonagh on "Unparliamentary Expressions," from which the man in the street or the man in the Strangers' Gallery may without much difficulty learn something of the rules that govern Parliamentary procedure in the matter of personal recrimination. So far as careful reading has enabled me to judge, you may say what you like, so long as you are content to say it carefully. You may not, for example, call a man a liar; the expression is unparliamentary, as well as impolite. At the same time, you may remark that, "in the strongest terms that can be hypothetically put, what the gentleman has said is false." A Speaker of the House, James Abercromby, ruled more than sixty years ago that, "when the hypothetical form is once adopted, the Chair is not required by his office to interfere." Dan O'Connell was too much of a gentleman to call an opponent a liar, but he once observed that a gentleman's speech was noticeable for his usual

disregard for veracity. Mr. Speaker objected, and O'Connell withdrew the expression, and went on to say of his opponent's remark, "Nothing can be more unfounded—nothing can be a greater falsity." The Speaker made no sign. Reading Mr. MacDonagh's article, and noting how large a quota of unparliamentary expressions has been contributed by the Irish Brigade, I am led to believe that the office of Speaker in the first Irish Parliament after the cession of Home Rule will be no sinecure. Mr. Parnell was the only Irishman who could be very nasty within the strict limits of Parliamentary expression.



NAILED TO A TREE.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

One of the most curious sights in the woods is the gamekeeper's gibbet—albeit a sad one to the naturalist—whereon are hung specimens of most of the vermin that infest the woods and fields. Each animal or bird has (in the eye of the keeper) its own particular sin to answer for. The "Beautiful Jay," most brilliant of all British birds, is here impaled ("Such a bird to suck eggs!" says the keeper). The magpie too, most cunning bird, has paid the penalty for being too fond of birds and eggs. The sparrow-hawk, that terror of all the small birds and devourer of young pheasants and partridges, is now swinging to and fro in the breeze, the fierce fire of its bold eye for ever dimmed and its fine plumage all torn and ragged. The Carrion Crow, with its fellow of the Grey or Dunstable genus, is here, cheek by jowl with the chattering jackdaw—there are many of these, for the species is very numerous. Brown Owls are sometimes seen on the gibbet, but there are various opinions about them and their taste for young partridges, so many keepers give them "the benefit of the doubt." There is no such doubt about the weasel and stoat, and they figure in large numbers, being relentlessly trapped or shot by the keeper. Their big relation, the polecat, is rarely met with now, the race being almost exterminated. Rats are represented by numerous tails; their bodies have served as food for the ferrets. The hedgehog, that prickly little beast, is represented by several skins. This animal, says the keeper, will worry, worry, worry at a sitting partridge until she leaves her nest; it will then devour all her eggs. When discovered in the wood or covert, it does not attempt to escape, but rolls itself into a ball, and is promptly bagged. The Gipsies will give sixpence for the carcase, which they declare eats better than a sucking-pig, which it somewhat resembles.

Members of the Society for the Protection of Birds will mark with a sigh of envy the efforts of the United States Senate to put down the use of feathers in millinery. They have passed an Act, applicable to every State and Territory of the Union, whereby the importation, transportation, or possession

for sale of "birds, feathers, or parts of birds for ornamental purposes," is prohibited, the act of transportation or keeping for sale being punishable with a fine of fifty dollars. The Act is described as "for the Protection of Song-birds," but a good many of us will approve the breadth of view of the Senators, who have taken under the legislative wing birds that please the eye as well as the ear. This Act will make itself felt on our side of the Atlantic, as, I believe, considerable quantities of "ornamental feathers" are received from Florida. Though the Act has to receive the approval of a Committee on



THE GAMEKEEPER'S GIBBET, OR THE VERMIN-POLE.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

Agriculture before it becomes law, it is not likely to be lost in the process. One of the last "bulletins" I have received lately from Washington was a pamphlet on "Some Common Birds in Relation to Agriculture," which is written in a decidedly protective spirit.

The pictures on this page show the ladder of life in two different significations. The ascending age requires no comment, but the second picture gains in interest when one notes that these sixty old gentlemen are all over sixty-five years of age. They may not have won the Dunmow



A LADDER OF LIFE.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

fitch (though doubtless deserving), but they are all members of the Dunmow Friendly Society, and enjoy weekly pensions of from 3s. to 8s., the result of their own thrift. The Society has been established sixty-six years, and has been giving pensions to every one of its members when they reach the age of sixty-five for the last forty. The Benefit Fund now amounts to £38,000, which is invested in the names of twelve trustees in Government First-Class securities. The Society is entirely managed by a committee chosen from the honorary members, who subscribe to the Management Fund, but who have no beneficial interest in the Society's Fund. At the last quinquennial valuation by an actuary, in 1894, it was declared solvent, with a surplus of £2098. There are just under a thousand members, more than seven hundred of whom are agricultural labourers. There are now about a hundred and fifty who are enjoying a pension. Surely the best way to give Old-Age Pensions is to help people to help themselves. And yet the Royal Commission on Old-Age Pensions, about which we recently heard so

much, could make no suggestion as to how the nut can be cracked. At Dunmow, however, they seem to have solved the difficulty.

A dry summer means an early harvest; in many parts of the country the crops had been off the fields a fortnight before the First, and the partridge campaign in consequence was pretty general on the opening day. What is more, the sport was satisfactory, as the big and strong coveys had promised it should be, from June onward. Where birds are scarce, the egg-stealer rather than the weather is to blame: the traffic

in game-eggs continues to flourish exceedingly, and what a few industrious "nest-poachers" can do in the way of clearing a district is shown by the consignments of partridge-eggs occasionally discovered by the police: as many as four hundred eggs have been found in a package marked "Glass—Very Fragile, with Care," handed in at a small country station when the birds were nesting. The eggs once safely hatched out, the gamekeeper's chief anxiety for his partridges is at an end. Those bushes you see stuck at regular intervals all over the fields are the most effectual check civilisation can devise against the time-honoured malpractice of catching partridges at night by dragging a net along the ground. The bushing system, simple as it is, remains one of the few measures for game-protection poaching ingenuity cannot circumvent. He can easily pull up the bushes? Well, take an opportunity of pulling up one or two when the keeper is looking, and, if you are a stranger, you will have to render a very good account of yourself before you escape his clutches.

In some districts of the North the interest in golf, it would seem, has decreased very considerably of late. At Lossiemouth, for example, which possesses a fine range of links, distant only a few yards from the blue waters of the Moray Firth, but sheltered from the keen sea-breezes by a rampart of sand-hills, players, up to a recent date, were so enthusiastic that even the snows of winter failed to deter them from the pursuance of their favourite pastime, in which they used red balls in order to facilitate play on the white ground. Now, the links, notwithstanding the fact that a large new hotel has its complement of guests, and that the village is full of strangers, are comparatively deserted. There is surely some other reason for this state of affairs than that of an old resident, who accounts for the small number of golfers on the ground that the early ardour of the devotees of the game was too strong to be abiding.



A NEW NEWFOUNDLAND STAMP.

Newfoundland recently engraved a portrait of the Princess of Wales on a postage-stamp. The colony has now issued a new half-cent stamp bearing the image of little Prince Edward of York. The example here reproduced was supplied by Messrs. Whitfield, King, and Co., the well-known dealers in stamps.

An amusing case of connubial infelicity and duplicity has just been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. It seems that in a provincial town, not a hundred miles out of Yorkshire, a certain Mr. and Mrs. A., having at the end of three years of married life grown heartily tired of each other, determined that "something must be done" to put an end to their misery. Mrs. A. was the first to make a decisive move, for she freely offered to put her husband in the way of dissolving the marriage if, in return, he would agree to settle upon her a specified sum of money. This proposal the husband willingly accepted, and on the very next day he gave his wife his bond for performing the contract, whereupon the lady promptly produced the certificate of a previous marriage which she had made with a man named B., who is still living. Incensed at having been thus hoodwinked, A. now flatly refused to settle the money, at the same time coolly pointing out to Mrs. A. a palpable flaw in the bond, which she had overlooked, and which rendered it invalid. Not to be outdone by a mere man, Mrs. A. then declared that unless he gave her a new and flawless bond she would render her marriage with him perfectly valid again. At this threat he merely laughed, whereupon the astute lady triumphantly spread out before him not only another certificate, but a register as well, each of which clearly showed that at the time of her marriage with B., B. himself was married to another woman, C., who also is still living. Delighted at the perspicacity displayed by each other, Mr. and Mrs. A. have now decided not to part for the present.



THE OTHER END OF THE LADDER: THE SIXTY SEXAGENARIAN PENSIONERS OF THE DUNMOW FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Photo by Tadman, Stansted, Essex

A remarkable old lady is Mrs. Anne Fletcher, of Langton, Spilsby. Although she could not claim "benefit of clergy," being unable to read or write, the clergy have benefited by her, for she has carried one hundred children to the baptismal font. They are not, of course, all her own

children, nor even a few of them, for she is childless; but she is devoted to other people's infants. The small person on her knee is her hundredth god-child. In the hamlet-parish they call Mrs. Fletcher "The Century of Babies."



SHE HAS CARRIED ONE HUNDRED BABIES TO THE FONT.

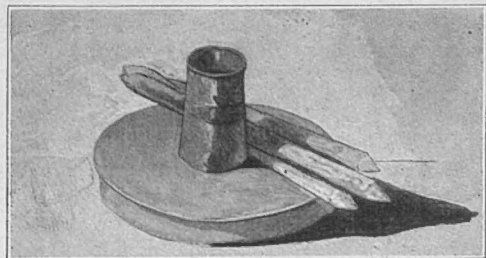
Photo by Neinky, Alford.

were on the Ganges or the Nile instead of on the Seine, is resuming its old tyrannical ascendancy. There is nothing for it but to swim with the current. The tall hat was not dead but sleeping.

I see that the Madrileños have been finding some relief for their recent excitement in a bull-fight conducted by women fighters, and the spectacle has given qualms to some of the most ardent devotees of feminine emancipation. Needless to say, there has been a howl of indignation from all quarters. I can't quite see why. Truly and unmistakably, the sight of a torera, or woman bull-fighter, is revolting, but it is hardly new. The records of tauromachy in Spain and Portugal yield the names of many women fighters who became comparatively eminent. I daresay there are some of my readers who have seen the great woman fighter Teresa Bolsi, in her prime a torera of high repute. There was in Lisbon, too, when I was there last, a lady who was giving her services to a riding-school after retiring from a long and honourable career among the lights of the Portuguese arena. I saw her photograph: there was too much strength in the face to leave room for much attractiveness. It would be hard to defend the appearance of lovely woman in the bull-ring, and I have no word to say for it, but, at the same time, the outcry recently raised is discounted by the existence of the torera for very many years in the national home of the pastime. Most of the gentler sex fight only with bulls that have their horns covered; a few, Teresa Bolsi among them, used to face animals fully armed. I am glad to have missed the sight.

Apropos of my recent paragraph upon tinder-boxes, a Canterbury correspondent sends me the following—

Your correspondent had evidently never seen a complete box. They were all furnished with an external or top lid, in addition to the extinguisher that fitted inside—that really was no lid at all. I send you a drawing of the lid, with the tube for the candle on the top. Many of the existing boxes are without the top, like the one shown in *The Sketch* of last week. The bulging of the metal towards the top shows where the lid rested. The matches are more scarce than the boxes. I have three of them; they are six inches long and half-an-inch broad; the ends are pointed, and were dipped in sulphur.



MORE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

Expression of the thoughts that should pass through the mind of a criminal when he wakes on the morning of the day fixed for his execution would make the fortune of a novelist. Between the thoughts that should fill a man's mind and the thoughts that do there would seem to be a wide gap. One of my friends has just returned from a visit to certain of our large prisons. At one, in the North of England, he was shown all its inner economy, by permission of the Governor, and in the course of his wanderings met a warder who enlightened him upon many points of interest. The conversation turned to executions; the warder has been present at the dissolution of many criminals. My friend held

that the last hours of criminals must be terrible to witness; the warder did not agree. Most of the condemned were indifferent or resigned. He gave an example well worth publication. "Not long ago," he said, "we called a man at half-past seven; he had half-an-hour to live. We brought him a glass of rum and milk; he drank it off, and asked the time. 'It is twenty to eight,' we told him, and his face brightened. 'All right,' he said, returning the empty glass; 'there's time for another one of those, anyway.' He had his second drink, and didn't bother about anything else." I wonder how such an account, given through the medium of a novel, would fare at the hands of the reviewers and the reading public.

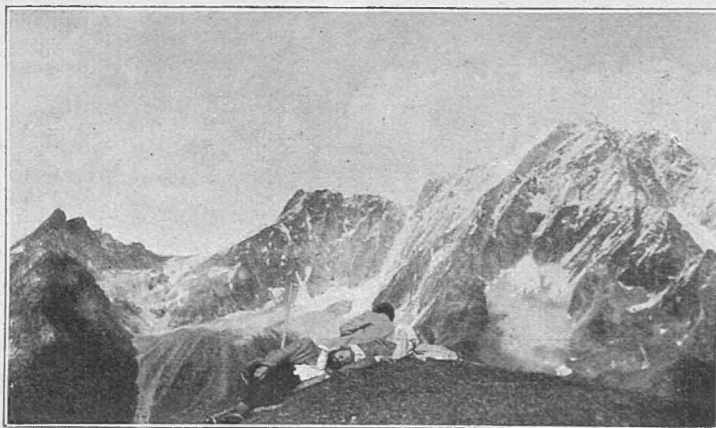
The author of the two plays, "Captain Dreyfus" and "Zola," that have attracted considerable attention in Holland and were recently seen in London at the Standard Theatre, is a comparatively young man named Racow. A Russian by birth, a Nihilist by choice, and a refugee from necessity, he landed in England with only a fifth of the proverbial half-crown in his pocket. As he writes in the Jargon or Yiddish Deutsch, his audience is a very limited one, and his author's fees do not promote luxurious living. At the same time, he is well content, having lived in Russia on something less than a penny a-day. He has written more than a dozen Jargon plays, and is at present busy upon an English one. M. Racow is something of an actor, and is always prepared to take any part in his own plays that may be suddenly vacant through a player's absence. In the East of London are few understudies. The leading actors and actresses, people whose merits are of a high order, must be content with a smaller salary than any West-End understudy could find it possible to accept. But though the salary be small, the work is great. An East-End audience is quick to express its feelings without fear or favour, and woe to the man who does not rise to the height of an audience's expectations. He will speedily lose the chance of earning the small wage that has hitherto sufficed him.

By the kindness of a correspondent I am enabled to give a picture, more precise than my last, of the spot where Dr. Hopkinson and his

Petit Dent de Veisivi.

Grand Dent de Veisivi.

Dent Perroc.



WHERE DR. HOPKINSON PERISHED.

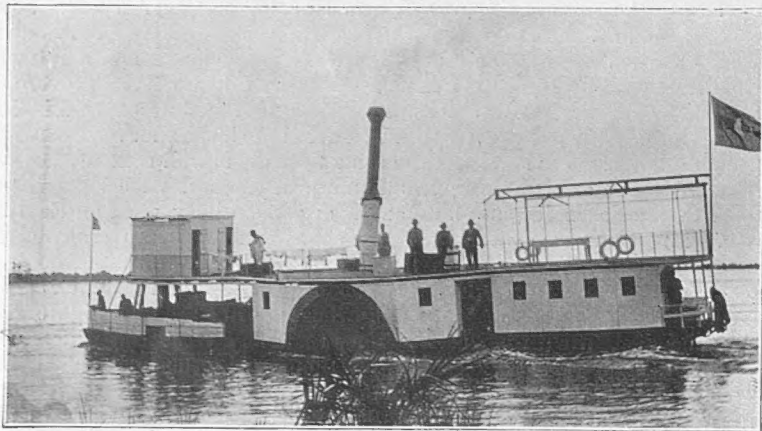
children so tragically perished. The view shows the northern portion of the range which divides the Arolla Valley from the Val d'Hérens, the most westerly point of which is the Petit Dent de Veisivi, the scene of the accident. It appears that the ill-fated party slipped in descending a steep rock couloir which traverses the face of the peak from a point between the two prominent summits to the moraine.

Recently I mentioned the pleasant word which it would be necessary for a Flemish policeman to use in order to hail a motor-car. It is, however, nothing compared to a word recently used in cold blood by a Dresden newspaper. It appears that a murderer (*Attentaeter*) had killed the mother of two deaf-and-dumb Hottentot children (*Hottentoten-strottertrottelmutter*), whereupon the police arrested the culprit and shut him up in a kangaroo's cage. Now such a cage rejoices in the German name of *Hattengitterwetterkatter*, so anybody shut up in it would naturally be a *Hattengitterwetterkatterbeutelratte*. The affair was, however, complicated by the escape of the prisoner and his capture by a man of eighty, who hurried off to the Chief of Police to report his success. "What man have you arrested?" the policeman inquired politely. "Why, don't you know?" was the reply. "It is—that miserable *Hottentotenstrottertrottelmutterattentaeterhattengitterwetterkatterbeutelratte*, of course! Whom did you suppose it was?"

A new edition of "Otter's" little book, "The Modern Angler" (Upcott Gill), is welcome. "Otter" is a practical man who understands his business and teaches it from the A B C when dealing with pike and coarse fish. His chapter on the salmon is rather too slight to do justice to the king of fresh-water fish, but the salmon and the trout have libraries of their own, and cannot expect a monopoly of every angling-book. The advice given concerning the methods of taking coarse fish is sound, and may be studied with advantage by beginners. The illustrations of tackle and appliances will also be helpful, but pictures of flies, unless coloured, are useless and might well be omitted. It speaks well for the utility of the book that a new edition should be called for when so many new books on angling have been published.

We know that in America the bodily removal of houses is an everyday occurrence, and in Paris this example is to be followed by the engineers engaged on the construction of the buildings of the Exhibition. A gallery a hundred feet long is to be moved by the following means: It will first be divided into its component parts, and then put on pivots resembling wheels; it will be kept steady by steel chains, and finally will be deposited near the Galerie des Machines.

The Nile boat here pictured has had a curious history. Originally, she was sent up the Nile before Gordon's time, and was captured by the



ONE OF GENERAL GORDON'S OLD NILE BOATS.

Dervishes after the fall of Khartoum. These witty epigrammatists named the vessel *El Tahra*, or "Virgin Undeiled," because Gordon never went on board her. Before the battle of Firket the Dervishes used the steamer as a ferry. During this time she was sunk by two British shells, but was afterwards raised and repaired. *El Tahra* then plied on the Dongola Reach, and was used to ferry camels and horses from Atbara to the west bank. Later, she was told off to carry El Kaimakan, Drage Bey, and several other officers to the front. The photograph here reproduced was taken as the vessel was starting for Shabluka.

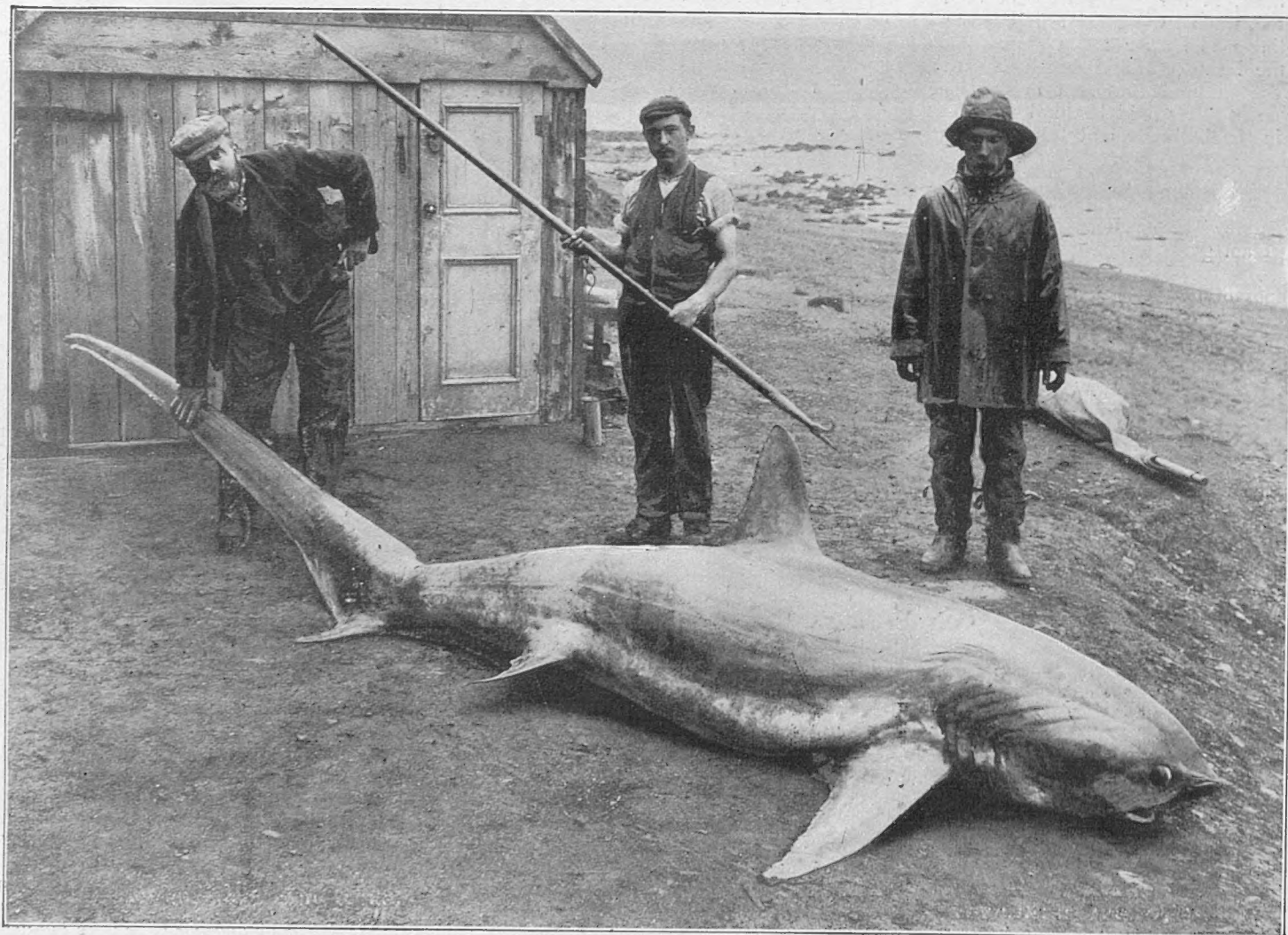
The shark whose photograph I reproduce on this page came to a bad end the other day at Whitby. It was wounded by the ironwork of the wrecked steamer *Glentilt* on the rocks at Kettleness, and shortly gave up the ghost. Then some enterprising people brought the monster ashore and made a show of it. The shark measured 14 ft. 6½ in.

The town of Oban has not been happy with its annual "Week," which commenced on Sept. 12. Gales of wind and storms of rain fought so hard for possession of the place that the majority of visitors were well content to watch the struggle from behind the windows of their hotels. The eighth annual "Mod" was in consequence not so well-attended as had been hoped. Oban, with its pretty bay and the high hills all round, with neat and often picturesque granite houses and healthy inhabitants, is a charming place enough, and a capital spot from which to visit Staffa, Iona, Inverness, Ben Nevis, and other places of interest. At the same time, it must be conceded that the charms of the place are severely discounted by the infamous weather. The attractions of the Oban Week include yacht-racing, Highland sports, fireworks, and the attendance of a real military band. Not being a Scot, I have not the full appreciation for native music that its merits deserve; the rest of the programme I was able to enjoy. The gathering of yachts was remarkable; the bay was crowded with magnificent vessels, and, apart from the weather, recalled the Bay of Monaco on a fine February morning. At night, when all the boats were lighted up and stray gleams of light were visible from the surrounding hills, the scene was a remarkably pretty one. None the less, Oban is ill-pleased. "You see, sir," said a fruiterer apologetically, "we look to this week for our best profits, and, if the weather is very bad, our prospects take after it."



GENERAL GORDON'S KHARTOUM MEDAL.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.



A SHARK ASHORE AT WHITBY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATSON, LYTHER.

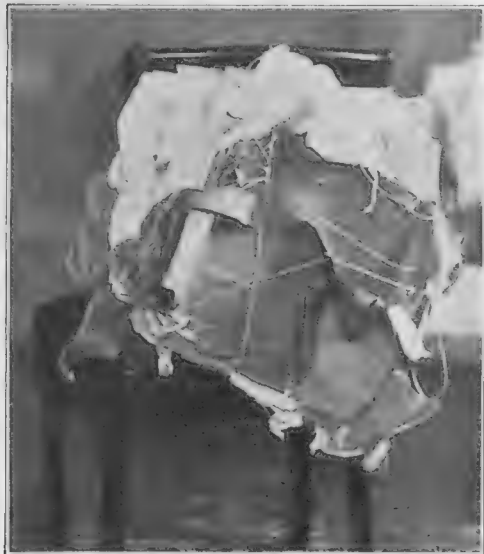
Although the battle at Omdurman was the maiden engagement of the 21st Lancers, the regiment had for some years been considered a most efficient one, a state of things owing in great measure to the efforts of their late commanding officer, Colonel T. E. S. Hickman, who had been specially promoted from the 14th Hussars and took the regiment out to India in 1887. Colonel Hickman died suddenly in October 1892, and Colonel R. H. Martin (then Major) succeeded to the command. Under him the 21st more than maintained their standard of efficiency, and the reports of the local Inspector-General of Cavalry were eminently favourable. Most of the senior officers of the 21st have seen considerable service. Colonel Martin commanded a Mounted Rifle regiment with the Bechuanaland Expedition under Sir Charles Warren in 1884-5; Major Crole Wyndham served in the Zulu War in 1879, also in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5; Major Finn went through the Afghan War of 1878-80, and won the Medal for Distinguished Conduct; Major Fowle was with the Nile Expedition in 1884; and Captain Dauncey served in the Egyptian War of 1882 with the 7th Dragoon Guards. With such officers at their head, it is not surprising that the men showed such spirit.

Despite the proposal for disarmament, Russia goes on adding to her military forces. The organ of the Ministry of War is now advocating the formation of an irregular cavalry force composed of Kirghiz for service in Central Asia, and the Russian Press generally regards the scheme with favour. It is calculated that about five hundred thousand men would be available for service throughout Central Asia, especially on the confines of China.

The experiment of using civilian transport for the Salisbury Plain Manœuvres did not prove a great success. Of the thousand or so waggons used, less than one-fifth belonged to the Army Service Corps,

and the partial failure would have been much intensified had the weather conditions been unfavourable. Of course, for foreign service civilian transport would be impossible; and even as it was, the contrast between the clockwork-like commissariat of the Sirdar's army and that on the Wiltshire downs was sufficiently striking. The result will probably be a considerable addition to the Army Transport department.

"An Admirer of Old Methods" sends me the accompanying photograph, which resembles a wasps'-nest, but is really a parcel



THIS IS NOT A WASPS' NEST, BUT A PACKET SENT BY PARCEL POST FROM JAPAN.

which has endured the tender mercies of the Parcel Post between Japan and Villeneuve, *via* Marseilles. "The care that must have been taken," writes my correspondent, "in verifying the contents of the parcel shows that the postal system is energetically carried out." Even the stamps had been "looked after," which "Admirer" receives as proof of the advance in another branch of civilisation.

I have received a copy of the *Thin Red Line*, the regimental paper of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (2nd Battalion), which has entered its fourth volume. The number sent me was published at Bareilly and printed at Lahore. From the regimental poet, I gather that the 93rd was not sorry to leave the Tochi Valley. He sings—

We'll bid good-bye to Tochi Valley,
That Valley is unkind;
Waziristan and Sadda Khan,
We'll leave them both behind.
We'll say good-bye without a sigh
To friendlies, foes, and war;
A course we'll set for Ranikhet,
And we'll never come back no more.

Perhaps the most original writing-material I have ever heard of was that used by an American Volunteer in the late war. He had been in the habit of writing several times a week, if not several times a day, to his sweetheart, and when his store of paper and envelopes gave out and could not be replenished he was at his wits' end. At last, in despair, he decided to write to her upon one of the hard biscuits which were served out to the troops, and, having placed stamps upon it, he thrust it into the nearest letter-box. On his return to the States he learnt that this strange form of correspondence had duly reached its destination without having been eaten or even nibbled by the officials on its way. The fact is that it was a very hard biscuit indeed. But the question remains: What did the young lady do with it when she received it? Did she devour it with her eyes or with her teeth? Did she cover it with kisses

or with bites? Did she clasp it to her bosom or soak it in a cup of tea? At any rate, the fact remains that she took the biscuit.

The first link in the All-British cable scheme has been forged. The other day the cable steamship *Scotia*, having made fast the shore-end of the new cable at Porthcurnow, the Eastern Telegraph Company's



THE "SCOTIA" STARTS WITH THE NEW CABLE TO "GIB."

Cornish station, put to sea, and has laid the first length of cable connecting this country with Gibraltar. From the "Rock" it will be extended to the Cape of Good Hope and to Alexandria. Within a year it is hoped that the whole length of cable to the Cape will be completed; whether it will go any farther—to the Far East, for instance—is not settled.

The present autumn term at University College School, Gower Street, will be the last to be conducted by Mr. H. Weston Eve, who is retiring at Christmas from the post of Headmaster, which he has held for more than twenty years. Mr. Eve, an old Trinity, Cambridge, man, was formerly Master of the Modern Side at Wellington College. He is fond of athletic sports generally, and has done excellent work in connection with the College of Preceptors. One of his sisters has for some time been an active Progressive member of the London School Board.

The trouble between Mr. Robert Newman and the authorities of the National Sunday League is regrettable, but the impresario of Queen's Hall seems apparently justified in his action. In like manner, the unfortunate falling through of the arrangement for giving Sunday concerts at the Alhambra is not the fault of the management of that music-hall. The National Sunday League are to be consoled with on the temporary cessation of their excellent Sunday concerts.

It has been stated, authoritatively, it appears, that Mr. Forbes-Robertson is contemplating reviving "Antony and Cleopatra," played a year and a-half ago by Mr. Louis Calvert and Miss Janet Achurch at the Olympic. No doubt Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell would give very interesting performances of the parts. But we are all



FROM ROCK-BOUND CORNWALL TO GIBRALTAR ROCK.

expecting "Othello" first, and was there not also talk of Mr. Robertson's staging "The Tempest," a play on which several other managers are said latterly to have been casting their eyes? The more Shakspeare, the better, I think, *pace* Mr. G. Bernard Shaw.

Count Charles Napoleon de Cardi, whose "paper" on West Africa, read at Bristol last week, created so much interest, comes of an old Corsican family, which has given many illustrious men, among them a "Maréchal de France," a Cardinal, and many eminent juriconsults. The subject of this notice was born at Oxford in 1844, and is the last



COUNT CHARLES NAPOLEON DE CARDI.

survivor of that Jean Baptiste de Cardi who followed the fortunes of the Bourbon family. His son appears to have inherited his father's love of adventure, perhaps his ideas of Liberalism, for we find him, at the age of fifteen, fighting with Garibaldi. The youngster distinguished himself, and was awarded a medal and clasp by the Italian Government. After the war, he is next found in the Niger Delta as a trader. In 1864, the then Governor of Lagos, Sir John Hawley Glover, offered him a good position in the Colonial Secretary's office. Soon tired of office work, he gave up his appointment and returned to the Niger, where he remained many years. Count de Cardi, who last visited the Niger in 1897, is one of the few surviving foreign members of the old Anthro-

pological Society, now merged in the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland. He is justly considered by the natives and Europeans of the Niger Delta as being the one white man who knows most about the native law, customs, religion, and history of that region now known as the Niger Coast Protectorate. He is busily engaged in preparing several works on this most interesting part of the British Empire, one of which will be published this autumn. A detail: Count de Cardi was the only white man who obtained King Ja-Ja's confidence, and the King confided him his son, Prince Sunday, to take to England. Count de Cardi has a son, Edwin de Cardi, a Maréchal de Logis in the French Army and the wearer of a medal from Czar Nicholas II. of All the Russias.

Karlsruhe (writes a correspondent) is one of the most curiously contradictory towns in the world. To the stranger there is a desertion and a solitude about it that, if a man has only a disposition for the livelier aspects of life, might be exceedingly depressing. The cafés seem unpopulated day and night, and in this scorching weather, which Germans call Weibsommer—or Old Maid's Summer—you can count the people on the fingers of your hand whom you see in street after street creeping in the shade; one is reminded of the proverb in Cairo that nobody walks in the sun except Englishmen and dogs. The mystery of the thing becomes all the deeper and more wonderful when, as will happen on occasions, you stumble upon a place where thousands of men and women are suddenly found together, sprung from nowhere, gathered, as it seems, out of an absolute vacuity.

This was my experience on a certain brilliant day when the sky, the sun, the softness of the air, and the perfect exhilaration of spirits which springs from such causes, prevented me from seeking the shelter of my hotel from early morning to long past sundown. To quench thirst with a penny glass of the "Colosseum" beer, and to appease hunger in the casual restaurant—these were my only diversions from the intoxication of the sun and the tranquility of the warm evening air. In all that time I set eyes, I should say, upon scarcely a hundred and fifty people. The shutters seemed to seal up the houses like closed eyelids. The lovely gardens outside the Castle of the Grand Duke were empty save for the busy gardeners, the click-clack of whose shears on the grass alone broke the sweetness of the silence. Public offices were deserted; from the windows of banks blinking clerks looked out upon the sunlit street. Where, I asked myself, are the inhabitants of Karlsruhe? The day waned; the hour was late; it was nearly time for a journey to supper and bed; and on my slow return I just peeped into the Stadt Gardens. From what heaven had they dropped? There, drinking, supping, singing, laughing, playing, dancing, was a gathering



VISCOUNT EDWIN DE CARDI.

of from four to five thousand people. On the lake in electric boats, winding through the trees in companies of six and twelve, drinking beer at innumerable tables, listening to an excellent military band, this enormous throng seemed like a miracle of Aladdin's lamp.

The band gave a signal, evidently most familiar, and in a twinkling, down a long and broad walk, two lines of dancers, men and women, took their places opposite one another. The music struck up, and it would be difficult to imagine a gayer and yet a simpler scene than this. In and out the huge crowd turned and twisted, bowed, smirked, and danced gently in couples, within highly restricted limits. Sometimes a movement would prove particularly popular, and, upon its conclusion, the general applause implied an encore, which the band cheerfully accorded. I strolled round the lake, and there too the fun was fast and furious. It was almost impossible to secure a seat at one of the innumerable tables, save during the general dance, in which old men and old ladies joined with as pleased, if more demure, an eagerness as the youngest there. It was long after midnight when I left them, still not near the top point of their enjoyment. On the following morning, I met during a long walk in the Karlsruhe streets about threescore people creeping in the shade. I never wish to unravel the mystery of the Stadt Gardens. Let it remain an Arabian night.

The magnificent statue erected at Coblenz and unveiled last year in honour of the Emperor William I. is not even yet completed, so far as its setting is concerned. The idea is, of course, to make the terrace from which the splendid bronze figure stares upon the Rhine of a piece with the solidity and impressiveness of the statue. But the boulders of stone, evidently quarried from neighbouring quarters, are clearly too tough to mould very quickly into shape, and half of the huge pedestal still remains in its roughened and unpolished condition. The inner staircases leading up the statue are completed, and you may spy, on a fine day, many a half-dozen heads peeping among the stone balustrades over at the little town of Ehrenbreitstein or away down the Rhine, which, just at this season, has at their loveliest its hill-borders of the vineyards, which are now nearing their harvest. Certainly there are few sites in modern Europe so glorious as this; and to place there, commanding the river that pricks the sentiment of every German, the counterfeit presentment of the founder of the German Empire is only another of those inspired appeals to patriotism for which, as *The Sketch* has already pointed out, Germany is distinguished.



MISS AMGART ALLEN.

Photo by Barber, Matlock.

Miss Amgart Allen is a promising young violinist who has studied successively at Dresden, the Royal College of Music in London, the Conservatoire at Frankfort, and the Guildhall School. She has two brothers—Aldebert is a proficient flautist, and Leonard a 'cellist. Their sister Alice is a pianist, and the four form the East Anglian Quartette. Miss Amgart Allen is also a reciter.

The modern woman loves to encroach upon masculine domains, to the neglect of her own spheres of influence. In the rabid enthusiasm which woman has developed for matters she cannot understand, the ethics of effective dressing have been overlooked. The New Woman is the most badly dressed man in existence, and the gown of the pretty woman proclaims her to be a mere sartorial absurdity. The position is intolerable. It is a perversion of the picturesque when a man designs another woman's costume. A pretty gown affords a variety of expression, and simplicity is the most effective attribute to experience. The demoralising tendency of the age asserts a paradox in everything. Few men in St. James's cannot tip a woman wrinkles on her costume. No man who cannot supplement criticism with suggestion is worthy of tolerance, for the merest anthropoid can compromise a situation with a gown.

A pretty mood demands a pretty gown, but innocence should dominate the harmony. Brilliance gains by contrast. A witty woman does not need a speaking frock. Loudness in style is as great an anomaly as the virtues of the wicked. A woman who is subservient to her mode cannot rise to the occasion unless she dons the costume of the Scriptures.

It is a pity that woman regards the clothes of man with the enthusiasm of a novice. In a little the hidden mysteries of a man's wardrobe will be worn out, and the neglected glories of the world of women will be resuscitated. The time that is wasted over the hang of a pair of bloomers will be devoted to the subtle perfections of a well-cut skirt. Till then man is confronted with the boredom of an overdressed woman whose ample materialism does not appreciate the compliment of advice which makes no frock its supplementary complement.

Miss Elsie Fogerty, whose work as a teacher of elocution is becoming every day more widely known and appreciated, is by birth a Londoner. She is a daughter of Mr. J. Fogerty, Civil Engineer and author. Miss Fogerty confesses to an early fondness for acting, but the regular stage was closed to her for family reasons. An opening, however, came in the form of elocutionary teaching and reciting, and in this



MISS ELSIE FOGERTY.
Photo by Lafayette.

Miss Fogerty's success has been so great as to throw other work into the background. Miss Fogerty received her first lessons in elocution from the present Rector of Bryanston Square, himself a pupil of the great Miss Glyn; then she received much sympathetic help from Mr. Hermann Vezin. In France she followed the methods of the Conservatoire, and became interested in pantomime under Madame Felicia Malet. She started the elocution classes at the Crystal Palace, and, after Mrs. Fairfax's death, took up those at the Albert Hall.

I have received from the office of *Tit-Bits* the accompanying portrait of M. de Rougemont, the extraordinary adventurer who has helped to make the British Association of 1898 look ridiculous in the annals of science. M. de Rougemont appears to claim that for many years he was a Cannibal King in a remote part of Australia. He came to this country a few months ago, and presented himself at the office of the *Wide World Magazine*, one of Sir George Newnes's most recent publications. The editor of that journal, a Mr. Fitzgerald, who has hitherto, I understand, been known only as a literary agent, showed the shrewd business capacity of that class. He secured M. de Rougemont's extraordinary narrative, and he published it in the *Wide World Magazine*, with the result, I believe, of raising the circulation of that publication from comparative nothingness to an incalculable number of thousands.

Now, no one can quarrel with Mr. Fitzgerald or Sir George Newnes for publishing M. de Rougemont's narrative. I, on the contrary, am inclined to congratulate them on their enterprise. I do not even complain of the editor of the *Wide World Magazine* for writing to the papers, offering £500 to anyone who will disprove the story, and, further, calling upon people generally to appoint a committee of scientific experts to sit in judgment upon M. de Rougemont, a proposition by his editor which M. de Rougemont promptly repudiates. All this has a humorous side, and anything which adds to the gaiety of nations is acceptable in our eyes. It is true that a prize of £500 would not enable us to disprove fairy-tales, and, after Mr. Scott Keltie's comical exhibition as a supporter of M. de Rougemont, one is not disposed to think much of the judgment of any committee that might have been formed. I do not, however,

complain at all of this editorial capacity—I admire it. In these days of Double Dukes and millions of threepenny magazines, all of us have to be fairly reckless, if success and money-making is our sole goal. The only thing I regret is the present state of the British Association, an organisation which one has seen carrying itself with some amount of dignity in the past. With a spiritualist for President and these stories from "Sinbad the Sailor" and "Robinson Crusoe" from its principal speaker, the British Association stands before the world to-day as a discredited and a ridiculous body.

It is, of course, open for everyone to accept M. de Rougemont's narrative word for word, although many surely must have been disposed to doubt when he gave his backing to the preposterous illustrations in the *Wide World Magazine*. That seal sitting yards out of the water was too much! M. de Rougemont, however, would seem to be an exceedingly able man. The impression made upon the minds of those who have conversed with him is that he is a man of considerable intellectual force. But, when I am asked to believe the stories in the *Wide World Magazine*, stories which are reminiscent to me of past reading at every turn, I find it easier to accept the theory that, in the main, the narrative is a skilful concoction than I do to believe that it is all literally true. I grant, of course, that only a certain number of incidents can occur to one who is shipwrecked on a desert island, and that these incidents will be shared in common by every human being who is in such a plight. When, however, I observe a piece of "Robinson Crusoe," a fragment of "Sinbad the Sailor," some more fragments from Buckley's famous narrative, and yet others from an experience described in *All the Year Round* in 1862, I think I should be a greater fool to believe all this is mere coincidence than I should be to believe that it is what is commonly called a "fake."

M. Louis de Rougemont informed the learned gentlemen at Bristol that a "black boy" of Central Australia "avoids his mother-in-law like a plague"! We have marvelled at some of M. de Rougemont's "yarns," but does he really expect us to marvel at this? His manner of telling the little tale is like that of the panting enthusiast who drags you to a lofty mountain-peak, points to a mist, a goat, a dripping thorn-tree, and says, "There!" "Yes," you answer wearily, in fatalistic resignation, wondering vaguely what you ought to wonder at. But M. Louis de Rougemont has a "thrilling continuation to follow," to quote the language of his own advertisements. Not only does the Central Australian avoid his mother-in-law like the plague, "he thinks that, if he speaks to her, his hair'll go grey." Even at home, we are



M. LOUIS DE ROUGEMONT.

told, there are many who would "speak" to their mothers-in-law—only they are afraid that their hair might suffer for it! Nay, it is even whispered that bold men, who have "spoken" to their mothers-in-law, have been left without any hair to undergo a change of colouring. Really, now that M. Louis de Rougemont has left off telling us quite old stories, he might tell us something up-to-date and new.

You doubtless remember what Shakspeare said about "Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay." The uncertainties that follow us even to our graves are at least as startling as when Shakspeare wrote. Quite recently I was lunching with a doctor, and our conversation turned upon the savoury subject of the corpse-supplies for anatomical purposes. He was complaining that, in student days, a corpse was very hard to procure, and even a limb was regarded as a treasure. In those times, too, students were permitted to take limbs home with them in suitable parcels. Of late years accidents to the coverings have led to restrictions. "We had a number of bodies from the workhouse," remarked my friend reflectively; "the almshouses contributed a few, but I think the majority came from Germany. They were collected in Germany, securely packed, and sent over to us." I daresay this news will come as a surprise to many readers. The German clerk, barber, waiter, and musician are common objects enough; most of us have yet to learn that the German dead is, or was, as keen a competitor for English trade. A German body was, my friend told me, superior to the English variety only in the lower price. He could not say whether the Teutons remain in demand; it would be interesting to know whether the body-market is still suffering from German competition, and whether medical authorities are still so lacking in patriotism as to encourage the trade.

To my book-table has come a neat little "Folder," giving full particulars about the "Rapid Royal Route" to the Continent, *via* Queenboro' and Flushing. The little guide is daintily illustrated, and tells everything one wants to know about the superb steamers of the line, also the railway connections.

In connection with the article which appears on the opposite page, upon the Plymouth Waterworks Inspection and "Fyshinge Feaste," the picture on this page is a pleasant reminder that that interesting ceremony was pictured in the *Illustrated London News* as long ago as Aug. 30, 1856.

Two representative Scotchmen—Mr. Cunningham Graham and Sheriff Campbell Smith, of Dundee—have been respectively presenting a picture of a section of their compatriots that is anything but flattering to a nation that beyond all others is supposed to have a "guid conceit o' itself." Exemplifying his trite dictum that true patriotism does not consist in pretending blindness to national defects, Mr. Cunningham Graham, the "patrician - democrat," boldly asserted "that at this present moment it would be hard to find in all Europe a more savage, drunken, and utterly degraded type than the Glasgow rough." The witty Sheriff of Dundee, in opening a flower-show there, allegorised, as more befitting to the occasion than a bald description, a spectacle with which he was not infrequently confronted. "The lilies he was accustomed to see," he said, "were somewhat faded; on them the dews of heaven hardly ever fell, except perhaps on the Magdalen Green after eleven or at the back of the Law. The roses which he saw from his position were manifestly roses fertilised by fourth or fifth-rate whisky, sometimes garnished by scratches." The Sheriff believed there were some authorities who thought they could convert a Dundee weed into a flower by putting it under glass for sixty days. That, however, Sheriff Campbell Smith declared, was not his opinion.

Stephen Mallarmé, the French poet, who died last week, wrapped his thought in such obscurity that he was called the Browning of France. It was necessary to transpose all his phrases in order to understand him, and his thought was as involved as his phrase. He owned to a preoccupation to be unintelligible to the vulgar. "A poem," he said, "is a mystery of which the reader ought to seek the key." M. Mallarmé seemed to amuse himself with putting pebbles in the keyhole. The parallel with Browning stops here. If his verse is a labyrinth, it is one constructed with such art of rhythm that to lose oneself therein is a sensuous pleasure. The thought and the phrasing seem accompanied by music that sings through them, receding and returning like the wave on the sands, and forming a cadence. And this was true also of his prose.

M. Mallarmé was the venerated master of the Parnassian school, a group of poets recently formed, of whom the sonnet-writer, José de Heredia, is a member. None of this group has a rhetoric as learned as he, none has a more profound and sure knowledge of his art, none knows so

well how to draw from an idea a great abundance of verbal developments, or has dressed his thought in a more sumptuous tunic of rhymes and images; none, therefore, among them is a greater poet, according to the Parnassian formula. His chief works are "Après-midi d'une faune," "Apparition," "Fenêtres," "Hérodiade," the last considered his *chef d'œuvre*.

Alsātian by birth, descended from a Revolutionary family, it is told that M. Mallarmé as a child was placed by some hazard in a school among children whose families were blazoned, where, finding himself regarded contemptuously as a plebeian, he hit on the expedient of affirming that Mallarmé was not his real name, and that he was in reality the Comte de Boulainvilliers. By aid of this fib he obtained peace during these first years of his school-life. Outside of poetry, M. Mallarmé was Professor of English at the Lycée Condorcet.

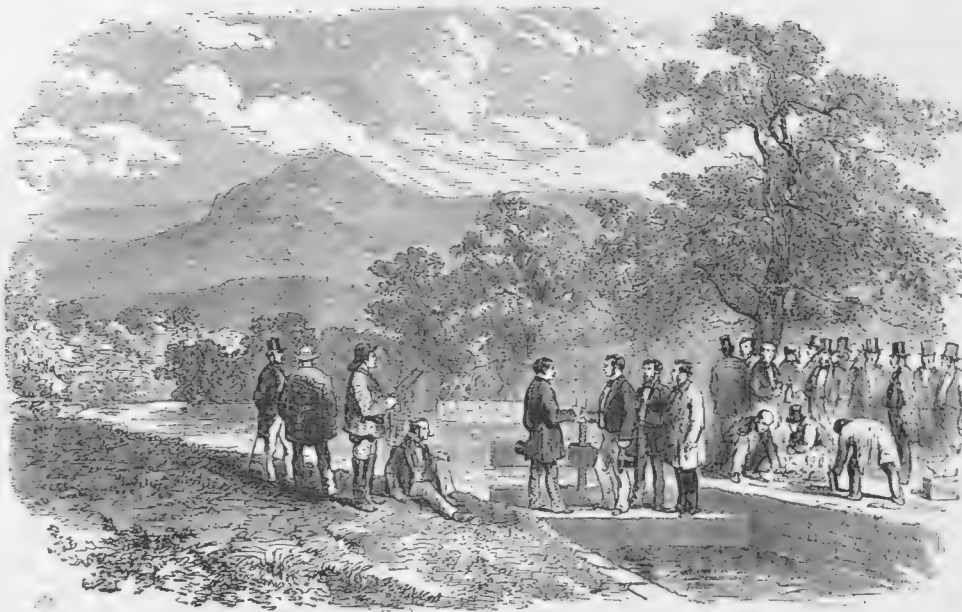
A better index to the French character than the new "Guide-Joanne" to London and a more entertaining could not fairly be desired. It is evidently designed for the careful, wary Frenchman we are so used to in the summer months staring vacantly at the public monuments, frowning at the frequent statues of "the Duke," clad in weird native garments, with a flimsy brown-paper bag in his hand. The book is full of words of caution. It is inadvisable to "haggle" in the principal shops except the shopman betrays an evident desire to "do" one; match- and flower-sellers are to be avoided as one would the Arch-enemy himself; and there is a vast quantity of bad money going in England, though its greasy touch will at once reveal it to the Gaul, who has probably seen something of the kind nearer home. The average Londoner will regret to hear that one may not carry jewellery in frequented places, and that there are such desperate quarters in London that it is dangerous to risk

oneself there in broad daylight even accompanied by a policeman. The great remedy in cases of difficulty is to call a cab and whisper to the Jehu, "Drâive mi tou vé nireste police stéchenne!" And yet we sometimes complain that the French are not great linguists.

But with all its naïve humour, this little French Guide is an excellent piece of work. It contains every piece of information requisite to the stranger in London in very small compass, and the maps and plans are numerous and good. Its editor is a man of wide views. After discoursing on the climate and history of London, the horrors of our Sunday, the colossal riches of our aristocracy,

and the contrast presented by East-End poverty, he devotes a small section to knocking certain well-rooted French notions on the head. England is not the resting-ground of fogs, he assures us, nor are the English tall, fair-haired, gaunt beings, open-mouthed and long of tooth. It is not true to say that we English devour our food raw; on the contrary, the tendency is to cook it overmuch, and the labouring classes, so far from sinning in this respect, subsist on vegetables, cheese, and fat (tea also, M. Joanne). Finally, we are not cold, morose pleasure-haters, nor is living dear in London except in hotels—in short, we are nice, pleasant people, in a fine country which every true Frenchman should visit. If this volume of the "Guides-Joanne" attains the circulation which its merits warrant, one may with confidence look forward to a new Anglo-French alliance.

Most interesting, particularly for the side-lights which it throws upon the history of France, is the full chronological list, with precise dates attached, which a French writer has compiled of all the divers titles conferred from time to time upon the Grand Opéra at Paris. First comes Académie de Musique, March 19, 1671, succeeded quickly by Académie Royale de Musique, March 29, 1672. The term Opéra appears in 1791 (June 24), and there are various other changes until Aug. 15, 1792, when the "Royale" is dropped out of the old Académie Royale de Musique. Throughout the Revolutionary epoch, indeed, change is frequent; for instance, Opéra, Aug. 12, 1793; Opéra National, Oct. 18, 1793; Théâtre des Arts, Aug. 7, 1794; and, more significant still, Théâtre de la République et des Arts, Feb. 28, 1797. Quite non-committal is the Théâtre de l'Opéra of Aug. 24, 1802; but, on the other hand, we have Académie Impériale de Musique, June 29, 1804, and thenceforward there is an alternately descending and ascending scale, wherein "Impériale" and "Royale" give place to one another or to the bare Académie de Musique.



A PLYMOUTH "FYSHINGE FEASTE" IN 1856.
Reproduced from the "Illustrated London News."

PLYMOUTH'S GREAT MOORLAND LAKE.

Hitherto Dartmoor, the great moorland heart of Devonshire and the source of its many rivers, has had only one lake—Classenwell Pool, which was long regarded as bottomless. It lies in a deep hollow on Walkhampton Common, between Tavistock and Plymouth; and rises and

November 1893, and to-day the Mayor and Corporation and some thousands of the burgesses of Plymouth celebrate its opening with all due ceremony.

This great expanse of water is a lake rather than an artificial reservoir, since all that has been done is to close the two lower outlets of the Burrator Valley of the Meavy River with two great dams stretching from hill to hill, and thus forming a huge cup. The great dam that blocks the end of the valley on the Plymouth side consists of Cyclopean rubble faced with huge blocks of granite. This rubble was formed by placing granite boulders (first carefully washed and scraped by hand) in a cement bed, and then battering them down so securely as to prevent the existence of any air-holes or other sources of weakness. This dam is 363 feet long, 77 feet thick at its base and 21 feet at the top, where there are five arches, through which the water will flow into the valley in time of flood. Over these arches is a road which will take the place of the old road and the picturesque old bridge—known to picnic-parties ever since picnic-parties were instituted in South Devon—which have been swept away to form the bed of the reservoir. At its deepest point the water will be seventy-seven feet deep, but, to ensure the retention of the water and prevent any leakage, the foundations of the dam have been carried down fifty-three feet below the surface, while in the case of the smaller dam the excavations went down over a hundred feet below the old bed of the river, in consequence of the fissures which were discovered in the rock. This second retaining wall is seven hundred feet long, but its top is only thirty feet above the surface, and it is a far less imposing structure than the other, which has occupied five years in construction. The cost of the building of these two dams and the purchase of the ground was estimated at £150,000. The reservoir will be filled by

stopping up the aqueduct which has been built through the big dam. When the water has reached the desired level, the town will be supplied by means of two pipes, concreted into the aqueduct, which is ten feet in diameter and seventy-seven feet long—a cleverly constructed tunnel from the reservoir to the pipes through which Plymouth will receive its water-supply in future. For several months past, the old leat, so liable to pollution in its tortuous course, has been almost dry, and the requirements of the town have been met by a long line of pipes stretching from this Dartmoor valley to the suburbs of Plymouth, where several small storage-reservoirs have long been in existence.

Since Drake constructed the leat, Plymouth has owned its own water, and its use by manufacturers and shipping results in a profit of £11,000 a-year, so that the ratepayers can afford to be generous in developing such a source of revenue. The only regret is that this reservoir scheme has obliterated one of the most charming valleys of Dartmoor, dominated on one side by Sheepstor, a clatter-strewn hill, and skirted on the other by Yannaton Down, while on every hand upstretch the undulating, tor-strewn wilds of Dartmoor.



falls mysteriously without any apparent cause. It is quite a small sheet of water, only about three hundred feet in circumference. Now a second lake on these highlands of Devonshire has been made by the Corporation of Plymouth—a lake a mile and a-half long and half-a-mile broad; which will be used as a storage reservoir for the benefit of the thirsty people of Plymouth, ten miles distant. The story of the water-supply of this famous seaport reveals Sir Francis Drake not as the great navigator, but as the pioneer "progressive" of municipal life. Towards the close of his life, when he had "sing'd the Spaniard's beard" and circumnavigated the globe, Drake was content to return to Plymouth and, as Mayor of the town, devote all his energies to the discharge of municipal duties. But even in this temporary retirement, he was animated with the same adventurous spirit of enterprise as had made his name feared by foreigners on the seas. Under his portrait that hangs to-day in Plymouth Guildhall are the lines, dated 1594—

Who with fresh streams refreshed this towne that first,
Though kist with waters, yet did pine with thirst.

"Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink," was the complaint of the good people of the borough in times of drought. Drake wandered for days over Dartmoor until he had found a suitable stream to tap, and then he cut a channel—locally known as a "leat"—from this river, the Meavy, to Plymouth. As the crow flies, it is a distance of about ten miles only; but Drake was an ingenious engineer, and he twisted the leat so cleverly along valleys and round the sides of hills that he encouraged the water to flow briskly to the town; but the channel is not ten, but twenty miles long. For three hundred years Plymouth has drunk the water brought down from the Dartmoor hills by this open waterway, every year honouring the memory of its great benefactor. Each autumn the Mayor and Corporation proceed to the weir-head, where the water enters the leat, and there they drink, in a sparkling goblet of water, to "the pious memory of Sir Francis Drake," and, in liquid of a ruddier hue, breathe the wish, "May the descendants of him who brought us water never lack wine."

In recent years, when heavy snowstorms have blocked the leat or long droughts have dried up the river, the increasing population of the great Western seaport has occasionally suffered from water-famines. Hence the construction of a reservoir at the point where the leat taps the River Meavy. In this lake will be stored up no less than 650,000,000 gallons of water against a day of drought. The work of constructing this lake was begun in



THE AQUEDUCT.

A FORGOTTEN ROYAL RESIDENCE.

PIERREMONT PARK, BROADSTAIRS.

The growing popularity of Broadstairs as a quiet seaside resort, especially suitable for relaxation and rest for minds worn-out by literary work, has within the past few years had the effect of increasing



PIERREMONT PARK: THE GARDEN FRONT.

its population to an extent which is quite alarming to those familiar with the charming seclusion and peacefulness once so characteristic of the place. Perhaps one of the most unfortunate results of this expansion has been the cutting-up of Pierremont Park, one of the most picturesque and beautifully wooded estates in the Isle of Thanet.

Pierremont Park is an important landmark in the history of the place, and belongs to that period which divides the two strongly marked epochs in the history of Broadstairs. This period roughly coincides with the end of the eighteenth century, and perhaps the first thirty years of the nineteenth. Up to about the year 1800, Broadstairs was a village whose importance was derived almost entirely from a rather extensive participation in the cod-fishing industry of Iceland. The livers of this fish were stored in barrels and brought hither that the oil might be extracted from them, and the harbour, at that time deep enough to admit ships, afforded a convenient anchorage for the purpose. When this trade declined, shipbuilding and local fishery to some extent took its place and afforded the inhabitants a means of subsistence.

There are two rather interesting memorials still surviving of this part of the story. First, there are certain architectural fragments built into a Dissenting Chapel wall which once formed part of the mediæval Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, or "Our Lady of Bradstow." In this chapel was an image held in such high veneration that ships, as they sailed by this place, used to lower their top-sails to salute it.

York Gate, the narrow flint-and-stone entrance by which one approaches the harbour, is another memorial of the earlier epoch of the history of the place.

It is, in fact, the cause of the place receiving its present name. The gateway, built by George Culmer in 1540, and repaired by Sir John Henniker in 1795, was formerly defended by a portcullis, the grooves of which can still be seen. Its object was to prevent the inroads of the crews of privateers that formerly infested these shores.

The second epoch in the history of Broadstairs begins with the time when Dickens and other literary characters, attracted by the retirement of the place, took up their temporary or permanent abode here.



THE MUSIC-ROOM.

belongs especially to the early part of the present century. The house, a square, white-painted, commodious structure, presents no feature of special interest. Almost the only ornamental part consists of the portico of classic columns on the east front of the house. But the grounds by which it is surrounded

and the eminence on which it stands constituted, until the recent alterations, one of the most charming estates in the neighbourhood.

The most important event in the history of the house was the residence here of her Majesty the Queen when quite a child. Here Princess Victoria, accompanied by her mother, the late Duchess of Kent, often stayed. The music-room—detached from the house, and shown in the accompanying illustration—still remains. Here it was, according to local tradition, that the little scene occurred between the infant Princess and her music-mistress, when the former, in consequence of some slight correction, shut up and locked the piano, and declined to proceed with the lesson. The music-room is surrounded by beautiful trees, and is delightfully situated for the purpose for which it was built.

It is now about three years ago that the Pierremont Park Estate was cut-up for building. The house, the music-room, and a fair-sized garden are left intact, being now used as a high-class school for boys, and known as Pierremont College. The rest of the estate, however, is more or less traversed by new roads, and numerous well-built houses have been erected. Fortunately the beautifully shady walks have been left, and only so many trees as were actually in the way have been removed. The inhabitants of Broadstairs are to be congratulated on the fact that so much of this beautiful old estate has been preserved.

"WHERE WILD BIRDS SING."

"What the Gardener Hears" would be an alternative title to Mr. Whiting's "Where Wild Birds Sing," if all gardeners possessed Mr. Whiting's receptive ear. There is nothing very new in his little book, but it is well worth reading, not only as the fruit of observation at first-hand, but as the writing of a man with a vein of genuine poetry in his nature, which has developed under the influence of his pursuits. Beginning his career as a farmer's hind, the intelligence which feasted on bird-life raised him in time to become foreman gardener to Sir Harry Verney, and, later, to establish



PIERREMONT PARK: THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

himself as an independent landscape-gardener. There is much in the book that recalls the earlier writings of the house-painter naturalist known as "The Son of the Marshes." Each writer betrays the same enthusiastic love of wild life, each has studied Nature untrammelled by book, and each possesses the eye and ear keen to note. In one respect Mr. Whiting has excelled any observer with whose writings I am acquainted. Everyone who has listened with ordinary attention to the songs of birds will congratulate this author on the singular skill with which he has reproduced the more familiar notes. Take his imitative thrush-song, on page 92, for example. It would be impossible to mistake it for that of any bird but the thrush; you can hear the bird's evensong as you read. It is in a small way a triumph, for many have attempted to do the same thing with but indifferent success. I had not thought it possible to write the unwritable so cleverly.

Mr. Whiting challenges question occasionally. Does the nightjar ever construct what the utmost stretch of indulgence can call a nest? Is there any special elasticity in the bill of the cuckoo to enable her to lift into the chosen nest the egg she has laid on the ground? And can sparrows be called "always cowards when fighting"? Only a few days ago two sparrows fell in my garden locked in so deadly an embrace that as they fluttered the watchful cat sprang and caught one, and so full of fight was the other that, for an appreciable fraction of a second, it continued to peck and claw its unfortunate enemy in the cat's clutches. It was good evidence of singleness of idea on the sparrow's part; the idea was fighting, and it fought so intently that it did not see the cat. The faults of the sparrow are many, and, though sound and fury more than wounds distinguish his many battles, let us in justice not write him a coward, for such he emphatically is not. These, however, are but trifles which do nothing to impair the very genuine interest of observations "at first-hand."

THE TREES ON TOUR WITH "RAGGED ROBIN."

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



ALISON (MRS. TREE).



ALISON (MRS. TREE).



FARMER STOKES (MR. FRANKLYN McLEAY).



RAGGED ROBIN (MR. TREE).

RUSSELLS IN CHURCH AND STATE.

Familiar enough are Russells in the English Church and State, even down to the other Sunday, when one of their number, Mr. George Russell, determined to combine the two functions, and showed us how well an ex-member of a Government, albeit a layman yet, could occupy a pulpit. The name he bears was once a sort of monopoly of his race. It belonged to England, to Whiggery, to William of Orange and "ascendency." Disraeli might include the Dukes of Bedford in "a mushroom aristocracy" when he thought of Hebrew families of far longer lineage, to which he himself claimed kinship. But the pink of aristocracy in England the Bedford Russells certainly have been held to be; and their prestige was admitted, though rather cuttingly, by Disraeli himself, when, eyeing Lord John Russell across the floor of the House, he said that in England a Jack Cade might be hung, but a Lord John Cade became a Minister of the Queen. Other times, other Russells—a Russell of Ireland, not England; of Radicalism rather than of Whiggery; a Russell not of "ascendency," but of the popular religion of Ireland; and a Russell, moreover, who, strange to say, was



MOTHER MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

to receive office as Attorney-General from Mr. Gladstone, the very man who had personally superseded the most memorable statesman of the Russells of English line.

The Irish Russell who, by the magic of talent and of character, was to turn upside down the associations of a name that had become a household word, was born in Newry, County Down, in 1833. His father was Mr. Arthur Russell; and his uncle, the Very Rev. Dr. Charles Russell, from whom the future Lord Chief Justice took his name, was President of Maynooth College. He was a man of parts, and he had a notion of Literature, when such notions were rarer than they now are. He was a constant writer in the *Dublin Review*, and his name is enshrined in Cardinal Newman's "Apologia" as "the dear friend" who most helped him to become a Roman Catholic. This Doctor of Divinity's influence was probably a strong one in the household at Newry, for, out of the five children reared to maturity within it, if one, as we all know, was given to the Law and the State, all the remaining four entered the service of the Church of their birth. Even so, two of the fugitives from mundane affairs have scarce eluded fame among their fellows, for the names of the Rev. Matthew Russell, of Dublin, and of Mother Mary Russell, of San Francisco (a lady whose death took place only last month), are very familiar and honourable ones within the sphere of their special and rather extended activities.

The Rev. Matthew Russell has not shrunk from the labours of editorship even; and the contention that the Roman Calendar should find a place for Editors, as it already does for other Confessors and Martyrs, receives a new plausibility in association with his name. He has made the *Irish Monthly* a sort of nursery of young reputations, particularly in poetry, among Irish men and women, including Katharine Tynan and Rosa Mulholland—a goodly company indeed. Charitable rather than critical, he is nevertheless nearly the only man living who can refuse insertion to a sonnet without ruffling the *amour-propre* of the sonneteer. Many a pious book has proceeded from the pen of "Father Matt," as he is affectionately called in Dublin, preceding the more secular little volume which last bears his name—"Sonnets on the Sonnet" (Longmans, Green, and Co.). These, by the industrious gathering of the editor, and by his own original compositions, number no fewer than one hundred and fifty-seven. The mere mechanism of the sonnet has sonnet after sonnet adroitly devoted to it. The scope of the sonnet—Wordsworth's "scanty plot of ground," for instance—is the subject of some fifty more of these poems, with their fourteen strict bars wherein to cage the poet. The masters and the votaries of this particular form are mentioned in some thirty other sonnets. The collection, besides being a curiosity among compilations, and a magazine of amazing ingenuities, has also its points of beauty. The sonnet of Wordsworth already named; the sonnet of Keats, in which he compares this restricted form of verse to Andromeda—

Fettered in spite of pained loveliness;

and the lines of Rossetti beginning—

A sonnet is a moment's monument:

these are among the perfect things of our poetry. In the exercises in expert mechanism—a department in which the editor himself is hard to beat—the climax is reached, perhaps, in the example supplied by Edgar Allan Poe—

"Seldom we find," says Solomon Don Dunce
"Half an idea in the profoundest sonnet.
Through all flimsy things we see at once
As easily as through a Naples bonnet—

'Trash of all trash! How can a lady don it?—
Yet heavier far than your Petrarchan stuff,
Owl-downey non-sense that the faintest puff
'Twirls into trink-paper the while you con it.'"

And veritably Sol is right enough,
The general tuckermanities are arrant,
Bubbles, ephemeral and so transparent.
But this is, now—you may depend upon it—
Stable, opaque, immortal—all by dint
Of the dear names that lie concealed within't.

There are rhyme-irregularities to be condoned; but the deftness of the acrostic can be realised by anyone who will take the first letter of the first line, the second letter of the second, the third of the third, and so on throughout, down to the fourteenth letter of the fourteenth line, and find in them the three names of Poe's beloved lady, Sarah Anna Lewis. Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, who enables the poet to coin a new substantive, was an American sonneteer of about the calibre of our own Martin Tupper.

The excellent representation the delightful volume contains of American sonneters on the sonnet is only another illustration of the close connection between Ireland and the United States. The truth, hardly realised in England, is that nearly every family racy of the soil in Ireland has its representatives across the Atlantic. Nor are the Russells any exception to that rule. Mother Mary Russell, after joining the Sisters of Mercy in Ireland, was only twenty-five when she went far West to San Francisco to establish there a house of her Order. That was in 1854, and forty-four succeeding years of toil have resulted in the establishment, under her rule, of orphanages, hospitals, and schools that are now the boast of the whole city that contains them. Mother Mary Russell never lost her interest in the Old Country, and she followed with affectionate pride the career of her brother as he rose by undisputed steps to the Lord Chief Justiceship of England, and became a Peer of Parliament. In one of her last letters home she mentioned her favourite newspaper, adding, as the reason of her partiality, "It tells me what I want to know about the doings of Charles and his family."

That is a large family, and one that is making itself heard of too. The Hon. Arthur Russell is a member of the Bar and the Chief's private secretary; the Hon. Frank Russell also wears a wig, and, young as he is, a prophecy has been heard in Chambers that he will one day wear it in its most ornate and magisterial fashioning; the Hon. Charles Russell has followed the law as a solicitor, breaking the record as a case-winner in the Courts; another brother, the Hon. Cyril Russell, is on 'Change; while another, the Hon. Bertram Russell, is a soldier of the Queen, the



FATHER RUSSELL.

Photo. by Chancellor, Dublin.

youngest of the Irish Russells to enter the service of the State. More than one of the juniors of the family, it may be added, are excellent amateur actors; Lord Russell of Killowen is himself a first-nighter of long standing—or sitting; and especially appropriate, therefore, at this moment is his association, in the portrait given to-day, with Mr. George Bancroft, the author of "Teresa," at the Garrick. WILFRID MEYNELL.



LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN AND MR. GEORGE BANCROFT, THE AUTHOR OF "TERESA."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SPALDING, CHELMSFORD.

LADY ESTELLA AND LADY DOROTHEA HOPE AND THEIR SHETLAND PONIES.



SCADA (33½ INCHES HIGH).



LADY DOROTHEA HOPE AND VEMENTRY II. IN HER WINTER COAT.

Even in their childish days, Lady Estella and her younger sister, Lady Dorothea, had their Shetlands at Hopetoun House, their old home in Midlothian, and for many years they have bred them successfully. There have been sundry articles in one or two papers on the subject, which seem to point to the fact that their authors wrote them under the impression that the "pony-farming" was a highly lucrative business, the real state of the case being that the pony-farm is a hobby, and as expensive as are hobbies generally.

Their four-in-hand (driven in the photograph by one of the sisters) is simply a replica, only in miniature, of dozens of coaches to be seen any day at a meet in the Park. But its size and the four tiny animals who draw it so splendidly make one rub one's eyes at first, and wonder whether some nineteenth-century fairy-godmother to a modern Cinderella has not perhaps called it up from Fairyland to take her godchild to some famous ball!

However, Hopley Muroma (the leader of the team) has a name which brings us back to a workaday world where horses have aches in their bones and need the well-known embrocation. Hopley was the winner of first prize at the London Show in 1894, of first at the Highland and Agricultural at Glasgow in 1897, boasts a Tunbridge Wells Society's silver medal, and too many more to enumerate here (for further particulars I should recommend the Shetland Pony Stud-Book);

but I must just mention that Hopley, who is a familiar figure at shows all over the country, won a three-mile trotting handicap against horses of fourteen hands. Hopley Muroma stands just 35½ in. I think these figures speak for themselves.

Vementry II. was twice first at Edinburgh. She is sister to Scada, who won a second prize at the Royal Agricultural (among many others), and who has the distinction of being the smallest pony in the Shetland Stud-Book; she stands only 33½ in. Both of these ponies are daughters of Lord Londonderry's celebrated Lord of the Isles. Three generations represent Prince of Thule, Oman, and Vulcan, grandfather, son, and grandson.

Oman is now at the head of the stud, the sire of nearly all the young stock. He won the President's championship medal at Glasgow, first at Edinburgh, at Perth, at the Royal Agricultural at Manchester, and numerous other places. He stands only 34½ in., and one of his sons is the smallest pony they have ever bred, being nearly a year old, and only thirty inches high. The Ladies

Hope are at present living at Great Hollenden Farm, which they have rented from Lord Derby, and where they intend to stay until they find a suitable house and acreage for themselves and their numerous possessions. They have about thirty ponies altogether, ranging from Prince of Thule, aged twenty-six, down to a skittish foal not many weeks



GREAT HOLLENDEN FARM.



Vulcan.

Oman.

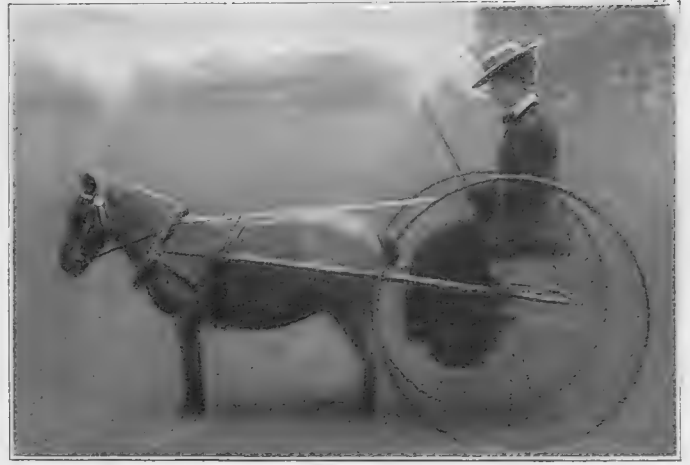
Prince of Thule.

THREE GENERATIONS.

Photographs by Miss Maude Craigie Halkett.



KINGSBURY AND VULCAN (30 INCHES HIGH).



LADY ESTELLA HOPE DRIVING HOPLEY MUROMA.

born. The Shetlands are most hardy little animals, live out of doors in all seasons of the year, tiny foals and grey old grandsires all alike careless of the cold. It is a pretty sight to see them racing about the meadows or crowding round their mistress to get the sugar they hope has not been forgotten.

There are one or two rather unusual animals which are numbered among the live-stock at the farm. One of these is an Indian bull, who roams about a field alone. The name would lead one to expect a ferocious creature which it would be safer to view at a respectful distance, but, in reality, he is a very little animal, with a big hump on his back, and the very mildest possible expression in his large brown eyes—eyes which boast so thick a fringe of jet-black lashes as would stir up envious feelings in many a London beauty!

Then there is Jerry, the special property of Lady Estella. Jerry is an otter, a tame otter. He lives chiefly in a tank which has been put up in an outhouse for his special delectation. He sits up and begs like a dog, and occasionally comes into the house, where, if he gets the chance, he takes a header into the nearest water-jug, thereby upsetting the whole concern (one ventures to think he must be rather a trial to the housemaid!). He is an otter of original tastes, too, as he prefers meat to fish, and is very particular about his dinner.

Great Hollenden Farm is an old-fashioned building with quaint chimney-stacks at the back of it, and it is roofed with claret-coloured tiles. There is an old-world air about it which is delightful; it is as though the perfume of the flowers of bygone days still haunted the homestead, and, as one looks

across the green meadow-land to where some beautiful "Jerseys" stand peacefully in the shade, one contrasts the scene with a London street—

all the hurrying to and fro, the crowds, and the dust and the heat; and a sense of restfulness steals over one in this calm spot, which the nineteenth century seems to have overlooked, though that this is not so really is attested by the medals, the rosettes, and the prizes kept indoors, some of them of very recent date. This collection would be very much larger, but some years ago, during their residence at the Manor Farm, Guildford, the Ladies Hope had the misfortune to lose a very considerable number of the rosettes, &c., awarded to their ponies at various agricultural and horse shows, in consequence of a disastrous fire, which totally destroyed their stables. Fortunately, however, none of the ponies were injured, although considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the animals out of the burning building. A certain interest attaches to a horse which was purchased by the Ladies Hope from an Australian trooper on the occasion of her Majesty's Jubilee. This "colonial" looks absurdly big in contrast with its diminutive stable-companions, and had been taught a number of clever tricks by its late master, notably to die for its country. As it is now used as a carriage-horse, this seems a somewhat remote contingency.

I think, although I have only mentioned a few of their ponies, sufficient has been said to show that the "hobby" of the Ladies Hope has been a great success.

They superintend the management of everything themselves, sell only surplus stock, and usually get good prices for their animals, as everything that comes from their premises may be labelled "thoroughbred." C. M. C. H.



LADY ESTELLA HOPE AND HER PET OTTER.



Kelpie and Hopley Muroma.

Mickle Rose and Kalmia.

LADY ESTELLA HOPE AND HER DOUBLE TANDEM.

Photographs by Miss Maude Craigie Halkett.

FAIR WOMEN OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

From Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris.

FAIR WOMEN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.



MISS JULIA MARLOWE.
Photo by the Rose Studio.



MISS MIMI ST. CYR.
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.



MISS LYDIA FLOPP (THE SISTER OF LETTY LIND).
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MDLLE. MARGOLINE ("LA POUPÉE").
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

THE FINEST LIBRARY IN THE WORLD.

YOU MAY STUDY THE SAGES OF ALL THE AGES IN THE PAGES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Mark you—the finest library in the world: not the biggest. In point of actual size, Paris has the largest collection of books; but for facility of reference, for downright usefulness, it cannot compare with the

magnificent library in unlitrary Bloomsbury which we all know as the British Museum.

Like so many of our noblest and most valuable institutions, the British Museum Library owes its origin and much of its early support to the liberality of individual benefactors rather than the public means of the nation. In two respects, indeed, our national library stands distinguished among establishments of its kind throughout the world. One is the spontaneous and natural character of its origin and growth, and the other is that the extent of its collections is such as to cover well-nigh every subject more

together with those of Cleopatra and Faustina. Although this arrangement was necessarily altered when the collection was removed to the British Museum, the old reference-marks are still retained. So great was Sir Robert Cotton's attachment to his manuscripts that his death was hastened by their loss when the Government of his day deprived him of them. It was urged that they contained information too dangerous to be made public, and it was even said that such information had been



DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.
KEEPER OF THE PRINTED BOOKS, BRITISH MUSEUM.
Photo by Hyatt, Great Russell Street.

thoroughly and more completely than any manuscripts and books.

To the first-named feature we may doubtless ascribe the popularity—one might almost say affection—which the British Museum has invariably enjoyed. It is essentially an institution of the People, and its library, as well as its wonderful collections of antiquities and objects illustrative of art and natural science, have been very largely founded by the People for the People.

Notwithstanding the fact that the name of Sir Hans Sloane is almost invariably associated in the public mind with the foundation of the British Museum, the distinction of being the original founder of it belongs more properly to Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, Bart. To this benefactor to learning, an influential character in the political world of Elizabeth and the two first Stuart monarchs, the nation is indebted for the first and one of the most precious contributions of manuscripts. His collection—specially rich in historical, topographical, antiquarian, and biographical manuscripts—was largely augmented during his life by gifts from Camden, Lambard, and other scholars. After his death, it was further enriched by the acquisitions of Sir Thomas Cotton and Sir John Cotton, his descendants. This fine collection, now contained in nine hundred volumes, was actually given to the nation in the year 1700 by Sir John Cotton, and in 1738 it was further enriched by the printed library of Major Arthur Edwards. Sir Robert had his library arranged in a somewhat peculiar manner. The volumes were deposited in presses, over which were placed the busts of the twelve Cæsars,



THE BRITISH MUSEUM, MONTAGUE HOUSE.

allowed to be used by the enemies of his country. Upon the seizure of his books, the venerable founder declared that they had thereby broken his heart, and he informed the Privy Council that their detaining his books from him was the cause of his mortal malady. After having undergone many changes, and narrowly escaping destruction by fire at Ashburnham House, Westminster, the library was finally deposited with the other treasures at Bloomsbury on the establishment of the British Museum in 1753. The association of Sir Hans Sloane's name with the foundation of the British Museum is pretty generally known, although he has been not unfrequently confounded with Sir John Soane, whose museum is in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Sir Hans Sloane, an eminent physician and naturalist, was born in the year of the restoration of Charles II.

He lived, during a portion of his life, at a spacious house in Bloomsbury Square, where he collected a valuable library and a remarkably fine series of specimens of natural history and curiosities of various kinds. By the year 1725 he had brought together upwards of twenty-six thousand articles of natural history, exclusive of two hundred volumes of preserved plants. About fifteen years later he removed his library and museum from Bloomsbury to Chelsea, whither he himself went to live soon afterwards, and which passed to his descendant, Lord Cadogan. Sir Hans died in 1752, bequeathing his magnificent collections to the public on the condition that the sum of



SIR ANTHONY PANIZZII.

£20,000 should be paid by Government to his family. In 1753 an Act of Parliament was passed providing for the acquisition of the collections on these terms, also for the purchase of the Harleian manuscripts, and for procuring one general repository for their reception along with the Cottonian collection, &c. In forming his remarkable collections, Sir Hans Sloane had expended about £50,000, and the bequest was really a very handsome gift to the nation; but, in order to carry out the proposed scheme, the sum of £300,000 was needed, and a public lottery was opened for the purpose of helping to raise the necessary funds.

The selection of a suitable building for the accommodation of the nation's literary and scientific treasures presented many difficulties. Buckingham House was first thought of, but Montague House was taken; and thus it happened that the Sloane collections were again brought to Bloomsbury. The mansion which had been built for Ralph Montague, first Baron Montague, was a building of no ordinary interest. Evelyn describes it as "built after the French pavilion way."



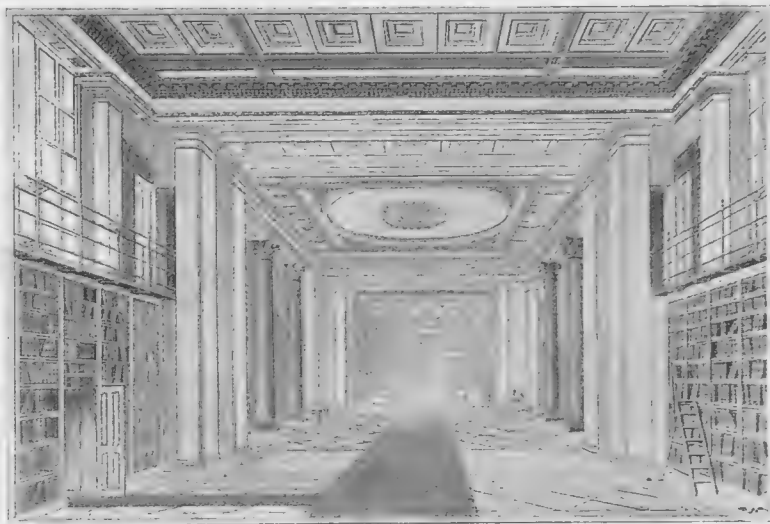
THE BRITISH MUSEUM IN 1805.

He speaks of it as "a stately and ample palace," and warmly praises the paintings which adorned the chief rooms and the grand staircase. The house was burnt down on Jan. 19, 1686. "This happen'd," says Evelyn, "by the negligence of a servant airing, as they call it, some of the goods by the fire." Montague House was rebuilt from the plans of Peter Puget, and constructed of red bricks with stone dressings. A spacious court separated it from Great Russell Street, and its screen of panelled brick-work with massive gateway and cupola in the centre was very striking. The house and grounds, for which the trustees paid £10,250, occupied about seven and a-half acres. Five years were spent in adapting the house to its new use, and in arranging the collections, and the British Museum was opened for public inspection in the early part of 1759.

Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, gives an amusing account of an initiatory meeting of the original trustees, held prior to their formal constitution by Parliament. "I employ my time chiefly at present," he writes (in February 1753), "in the guardianship of embryos and cockle-shells. Sir Hans Sloane valued his museum at eighty thousand pounds, and so would anybody who loves hippopotamuses, sharks with one ear, and spiders as big as geese. . . . We are a charming wise set—all Philosophers, Botanists, Antiquarians, and Mathematicians—and adjourned our first meeting because Lord Macclesfield, our Chairman, was engaged in a party for finding out the Longitude."

It was Lord Macclesfield, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees for some years, who drafted the original "Statutes and Bye-laws" of the

for the Library. New buildings were accordingly erected, and in the year 1857 the New Library and circular Reading-Room were opened. This afforded shelf storage for about twenty-five miles of books, but, as time has gone on, even this has proved quite insufficient for the large number of accessions which are continually being made from



THE KING'S LIBRARY, BRITISH MUSEUM.

various sources, including books received under the Copyright Acts, or as donations or purchases.

The great Reading-Room itself affords accommodation for about eighty thousand volumes and seats for three hundred and sixty readers. During recent years the history of the Museum Library has been marked by frequent reforms and improvements, which have rendered the vast stores of information within its walls more accessible to the public than formerly. The operation of the Copyright Acts has had the effect of placing on the shelves copies of all the works published in the United Kingdom, and the use of electric light has made it possible to keep the Reading-Room open during a much longer portion of the day than could be done when artificial illumination in the Library was unknown. The printing of the general catalogue, which is now approaching completion, is another of the achievements of recent years, and reflects great credit upon Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., who is really the originator of the scheme.

The Superintendents of the Reading-Room have invariably been men of great attainments and wide bibliographical knowledge. The first to hold this distinguished office was Mr. Thomas Watts, whose phenomenal powers of memory are to this day among the most treasured traditions at the Museum. Dr. George Bullen, C.B., whose consummate bibliographical experience and genial nature will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to know him, was the next occupant of the Superintendent's chair, and he was followed by Dr. Garnett, whose name is familiar to the whole of the literary world. Mr. G. K. Fortescue, the late Superintendent, is best known perhaps for his subject catalogue of recent accessions to the Library.

One of the most recent changes in the Reading-Room—the appointment of Mr. R. W. Wilson as Superintendent—has given to the wide circle of readers and friends who are familiar with his invariable courtesy and wide range of knowledge the keenest and most genuine satisfaction.

Of the future of the Museum Library it is impossible to speak with any amount of certainty; but under the present most able management of Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, K.C.B., it is safe to say that every effort will be made to keep it up to its present high standard of excellence and public usefulness.



THE ARCHED ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.

Museum. These statutes directed that the Museum should be kept open every day in the week, excepting Saturday and Sunday, from nine o'clock until three. On certain days in the summer, however, the open hours were from four o'clock in the afternoon until eight, so as to meet the requirements of persons actively engaged in business during the day. In order to obtain admission, tickets had to be applied for one day precedent to that of an intended visit. The request having been registered, a second application was necessary in order to receive the tickets, and, as the ticket could rarely be used at the time of receiving it, each visit to the Museum had commonly to be preceded by two visits to the "Porter's Lodge." At length, when admission was gained, the visitors were conducted in parties through the Museum by its officers, according to a routine which generally allowed only one hour to each group of visitors for the inspection of the whole exhibitions. An exception was, however, made in favour of those who came for the purpose of study. To such a particular room was allotted, in which they might read or write during the time the Museum was open. This affords the earliest indication of a public Reading-Room at the Museum.

The first regular Reading-Room—the room in which Thomas Carlyle, Lord Macaulay, and a host of other great writers worked—is now devoted to work which is immediately connected with the great catalogue. Here are settled all the difficult questions as to what books the Library requires, under what headings they should be placed in the catalogue, and a multitude of other details too numerous for mention.

The growth of the great Library during the present century has been enormous. The gifts of the Royal Library of George III., and those of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, Sir Joseph Banks, the Rev. C. R. Cracherode, and others rendered it necessary to extend the buildings



THE OLD READING-ROOM, NOW THE CATALOGUE-ROOM.

“THE GIPSY EARL,” AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

From Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



Alice Vandeleur (Miss Wakeman), Anselo (Mr. Mollison), Naomi (Miss Neilson), Lord Trevannion (Mr. Hippisley), Pharaoh Lee (Mr. Terry), and Sir Jasper Roy (Mr. Maurice).

“Lord Trevannion, that man is almost blind!”



Titia (Miss Bowman).

Dick (Miss Fairbrother).

Mrs. Smithers (Mrs. Lylo).

“I’ll break every bone in your skin!”

"THE GIPSY EARL," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

From a Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



MISS JULIA NEILSON AND MR. FRED TERRY.

"THE GIPSY EARL," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

From Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



"Father, Pharaoh is here, and I have told him the reason you sent him away."



NAOMI: They were my friends.

PHARAOH: They shall be my friends always.



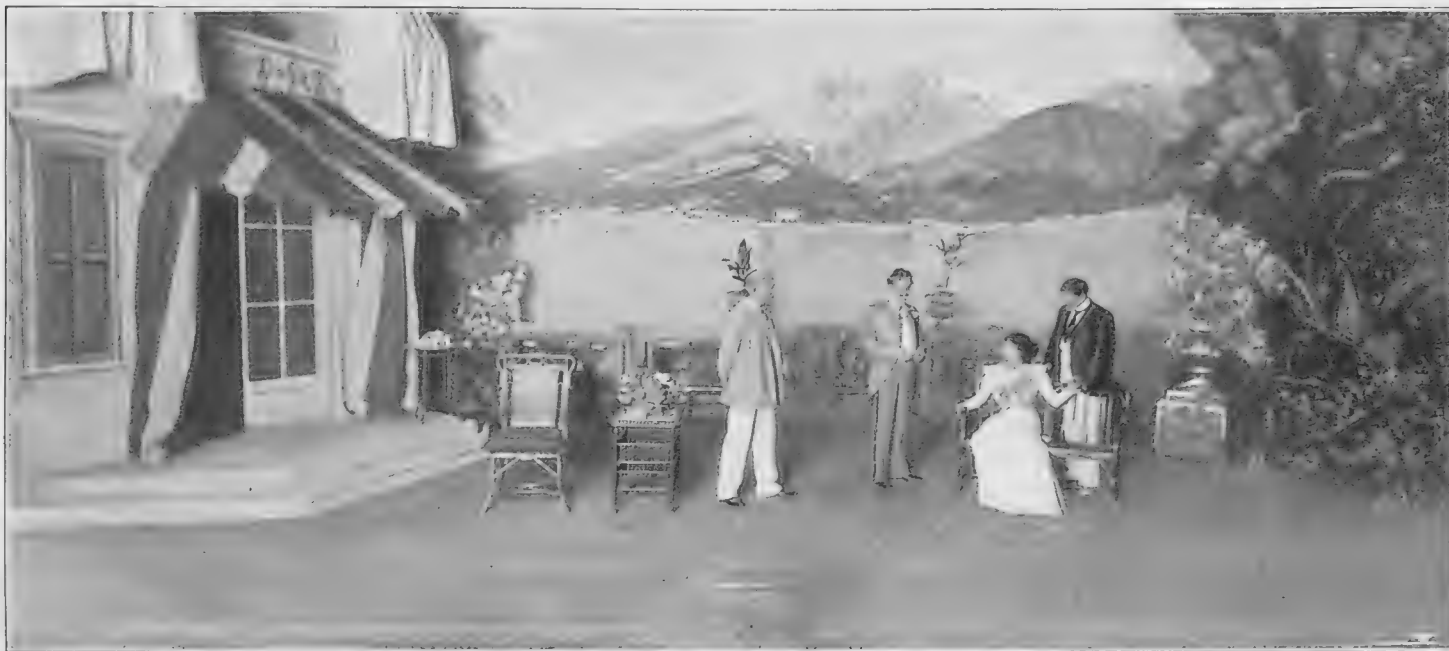
"Your blood shall stain the heather!"



"You shall be my wife."

"TERESA," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

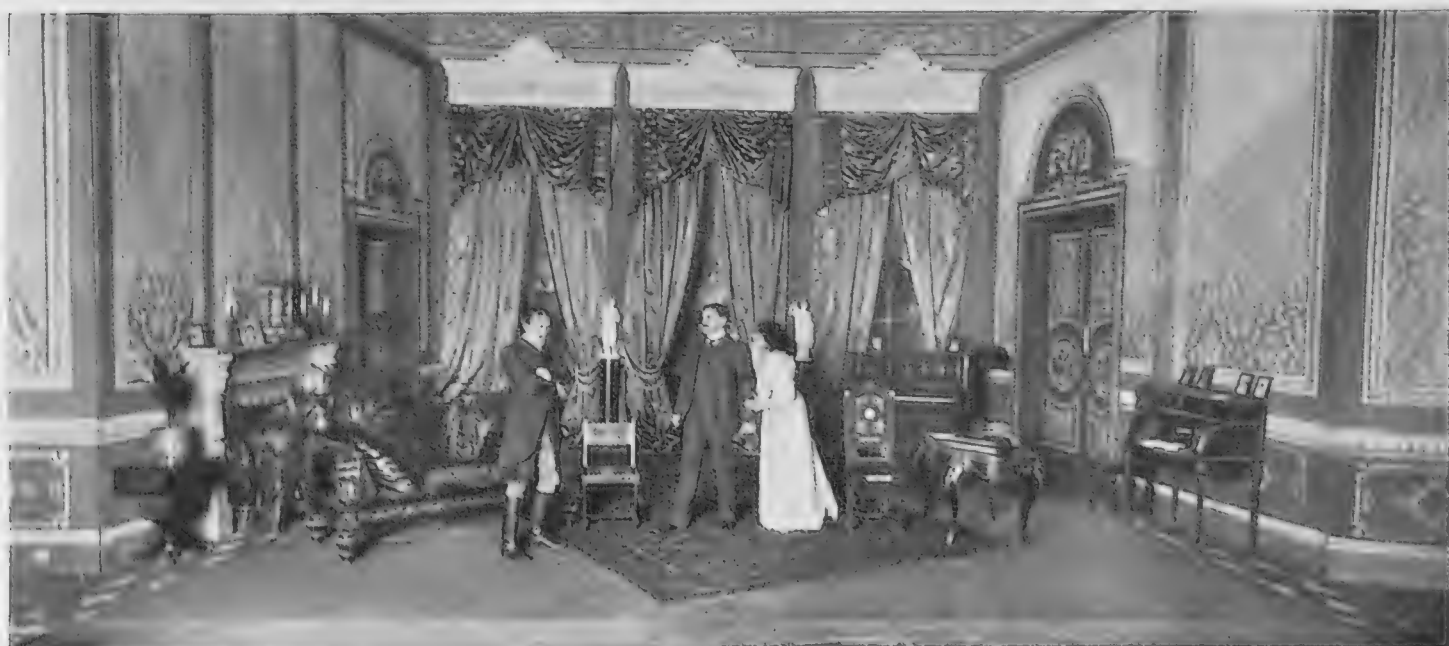
From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Act I.—On the Italian Lakes. Teresa (Miss Violet Vanbrugh) selects Valentine (Mr. Arthur Bourchier) as her husband, to the annoyance of his rival, Count Casali (Mr. Laurence Irving), who swears vengeance.



Act II.—In Florence. Teresa, to escape from an attack from her lover's brother, stabs him to the heart. The body is brought into the house. Valentine swears to revenge himself on the unknown murderer of his brother.



Act III.—A Villa near Florence. Count Casali tells Valentine that Teresa has murdered his brother.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A TALE OF TWO PLUSH FRAMES.

BY ARTHUR ECKERSLEY.



DICK VERNAR'S rooms in the High were pleasant rooms to look at, fitted up luxuriously, in a splendid position—the best in Oxford—and, withal, expensive. In many respects, Dick Vernar, who owned them, resembled his property: he too was pleasant to look at, fitted up luxuriously—and expensive.

"After all, the morning is the only time when one feels really inclined to work," said

Dick, about a quarter to eleven a.m., as he settled himself in his easy-chair and prepared to begin upon the third chapter of a new novel. "That is why we always exercise self-restraint in that particular," he added; "ain't it, Shamus, old dog?"

Shamus was the Irish terrier, who looked up from his contemplation of the fire and smiled vaguely in his master's face—that is, he smiled with his tail. After ten minutes more of silent reading, Dick suddenly sat up and hurled the book to the other end of the room. "What utter rot!" he said, with a yawn. "As if anyone could get up an interest for a girl with sand-coloured hair and blue eyes! Don't you touch the rubbish!"—to Shamus, who had roused himself to sniff at the offending volume. "We know better than that, don't we, beastie?"

He reached up to the mantelshef, and took down a large framed photo of a girl—a pretty girl, with dark hair and eyes, quite the reverse of the novelist's ideal. Dick gazed at it tenderly. "Only a very little longer, my darling," he said, addressing the picture, "and then . . . my own precious little wife that shall be, my love, my angel, my—Bother!" A knock at the door had interrupted his rhapsody. "Come in," he grunted rather sullenly; then, in a more amiable tone, "Hullo, Bobbie! Is that you?"

The man who entered was older than his host, both in years and age—which are two quite different things. A man about twenty-nine or thirty, with a fair moustache, and spectacles; he wore an M.A. gown, and under his arm was a pile of books and papers.

He came in with rather a hesitating manner. "I'm afraid," he said; "that is, I hope I don't interrupt you. Were you working?"

"Well, no, not exactly," said Dick, with a side-glance at the volume which lay face downwards on the floor. "In point of fact, I was just thinking, but do sit down and smoke."

"No, thanks; never before lunch," said the visitor, collapsing into an extremely low wicker chair, while Shamus, with the familiarity of long friendship, established himself on his chest. "I'm glad I don't interrupt you. Do you know, I thought when I was outside that I heard voices talking; it must have been my fancy."

Dick blushed; the photograph had gone under the cushions of his chair.

"I'm particularly glad," continued the other, "because—because there is something I have to say to you."

"Trot it out, old 'un," said Dick, observing the hesitation of his visitor with a smile; "I know you want to swear at me for something."

"Not quite that, I hope; but—really, you know, it's like this. Why on earth couldn't you confide in me yourself?"

"About—?" said Dick interrogatively, though he guessed what was coming.

"Yes, about, you know—Her."

"I suppose you mean Dollie? Well, then, old boy, I couldn't; frankly, I couldn't. I was afraid you'd upset the whole thing. However, it's all right now, and I should have told you to-day, anyhow."

"But, my dear Dick, you can't seriously mean to say—the girl in Baxter's shop? It's—it's absurd. Why, as your tutor, I—"

"Absurd or not," retorted Dick rather more warmly, "I should like you clearly to understand that the 'girl in Baxter's shop,' as you call her, is going to be my wife—at least, I hope so. And as for your talking 'tutor' to me, you know very well that's all Father Christmas!"

"But—I can't understand."

"Can't you?" said Dick placidly; "I'm sorry for you then!"

"At first I refused entirely to believe it. I had a most agitated letter, this morning, from your mother—"

"Trust the Mater for that!" said Dick. "She only heard, herself, yesterday."

"Lady Vernar is very much upset; and, I am bound to say, I think naturally so. You should consider your mother, Dick, if you consider no one else."

"Look here, Bobbie," said Dick, rising, and standing with his back to the fire, looking down upon the agitated tutor; "you can just shut up! Do you suppose I haven't thought the whole thing out before this? I'm not a baby; I'm one-and-twenty, and can do as I like.—The long

and short of it is this: directly I get Dollie to give me a definite answer, we're going to be married!"

"Then you're not engaged yet?" broke in the other.

"Not quite, but almost."

"Thank heaven for some hope!" said the elder piously under his breath. "At any rate," he continued, "don't be too rash; take time to consider. Of course, as I say, Lady Vernar is grieved, even vexed, at what she considers your folly. She mentions that she had other hopes for you—"

"One of the Crawford girls," murmured Dick. "No, thanks!"

"At the same time, she perfectly realises that you are at liberty to follow your own mind; but she says, very sensibly, do you quite know your own mind?"

"Know my own mind—about Dollie? Why—"

"One moment, please. She proposes that you should leave Oxford for a term—go abroad for the spring—to Nice, for instance, and if, at the end of a few months, you still think the same, she will have nothing to say; while if, on the other hand—"

"Stop!" said Dick. "That 'if' doesn't exist! Of course I shall never change—I can't!"

"Prove it, then, by taking her offer."

"And if I refuse?"

"You simply show your own folly, and give up the wisest solution of the whole matter—your mother's consent."

"But, hang it all! how about Dollie?"

"If the lady can't wait for you a few months, what sort of a wife—?"

"Shut up!" said Dick. "Of course she'd wait, if I asked her."

The tutor chuckled. "Then I should certainly advise you to do so," he said.

"Well," said Dick; "of course, I want to please the Mater."

"Naturally," said the other.

"And she has been rather decent, on the whole, about it; but then, my dear Bobbie, how on earth can I go up to a girl, to whom I'm not even properly engaged, and say, 'Oh, I'm going abroad, so you will have to wait!'"

The man in the chair smiled. "I'm glad you're coming round to the plan," he said; "it's much your wisest course. Besides, you need not tell her that. You simply say you are called home suddenly, and you hope to see her again—and all that. Moreover," added the schemer, "I was going to say, that, speaking as a Don, a little quiet reading might save that Fourth, and you know you haven't much to spare."

"D—the Fourth!" said Dick rudely. "I tell you what, Bobbie, I couldn't do it, I haven't got the cheek! No, if I do go down, I shall wait, and write to her from home."

"Don't be such a coward!" the other was going to say; but he had enough worldly wisdom to check himself, for within his kindly, pedantic mind had been born an idea. "Well," he exclaimed suddenly, after looking at his watch, "I must be off. I've got some Logic men at twelve."

"Logic is the father of lies," murmured Dick reflectively. "You come here with your confounded Logic, and argue me into doing what I hate myself for even thinking of."

But the tutor was already out of the house, his brain big with its new-born purpose, which was nothing less than to himself interview the scheming young person, and let her know pretty plainly what he thought of her. "After that," he thought, "she never would hold Dick to this unhappy engagement, even supposing that she really cared for him—which was unlikely." He had not thought it necessary to show Lady Vernar's letter to her son, nor to mention, when he suggested Nice, that portion of the letter in which the writer had said, "I would recommend Richard to spend the spring in some nice, sociable place, such as Nice. There he would have plenty to amuse him, as I understand that some old friends of ours, General Crawford and his daughters, very charming people in every way, have taken a house there."

As soon as he had finished his lunch, "Bobbie" Smith, the youngest Fellow of St. Mary's, having sent his scout with a note of regret to the Dean, with whom he had a golfing engagement for that afternoon, prepared himself, in the complacency of self-sacrifice, to carry out his scheme; "for," said he, "I might as well get it over as soon as possible."

It was not, however, until he reached Baxter's shop that he began to realise what a very delicate mission he had embarked upon; and, indeed, he found himself well inside the door before he had definitely decided upon any plan of action.

Mr. Smith had never been inside Baxter's shop in his life. Throughout his own quiet undergraduate career he had avoided it as fast and expensive, and he felt it something of an adventure to enter even now.

He looked round. At the far end of the shop a good-looking girl was flirting with two undergrown and over-collared Freshmen; their fatuous repartees and the thin crackle of their laughter just reached him where he stood. "I suppose that is the girl," thought Mr. Smith severely; and the sight nerved him to utter a virtuous cough, which, however, sounded weaker than he had intended. But he was wrong,



MISS GLADYS ELVASTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

for at the instant another girl advanced from behind a projecting corner, and came towards him with the peculiarly sweet smile which was always relished by new customers, and which was said to be worth quite an additional hundred a-year to Messrs. Baxter. As soon as he beheld her, Mr. Smith felt that he was in the presence of a lady; he was naturally, as has been seen, a timid man, and, had it not been for the sustaining consciousness of virtue, it is possible that he would have turned instantly and fled from the shop.

"What can I get for you, sir?" The voice was another shock to Mr. Smith, it was so educated and refined; he began to feel more and more uncomfortable.

"Oh, good-afternoon," he said. "Will you excuse me, but—er—is your name Miss—er—?"

The girl looked amused. "My name is Saunderson," she said. "Why do you ask?"

"Miss—er—Dollie Saunderson?"

"Sir?"

"I beg your pardon. The fact is, you know, I just came in to ask you—er—" Mr. Smith stammered and hesitated, then suddenly decided that he couldn't do it. "What is the price of those photograph frames in the window?"

"I don't think that was what you really meant to ask me," said the girl, so gravely and kindly that Mr. Smith became stricken with remorse for his conduct. "You had better tell me right out. You are a friend of Mr. Vernar, are you not?"

"How did you know that?"

"He pointed you out to me one day when you were passing the door. Have you come to me about him?"

Somehow they had got up into a corner, behind a large easel. Mr. Smith did not know what to say; but the girl's eyes were on his face, so he said "Yes," blushing painfully.

"You have come to ask me not to accept his offer; is it not so?"

Mr. Smith was silent.

"As his friend, you have done quite right. To me, perhaps, your coming was slightly rude; but that doesn't matter, does it? Well, you may make your mind perfectly easy—I have absolutely no intention of marrying him."

What possessed Mr. Smith at this time he did not know, but, to his own surprise, he found himself arguing wildly on the other side. "But Dick is so awfully fond of you!" he said.

The girl laughed—a tired little laugh that hurt Mr. Smith to hear. "They get over it," she said. "Let him go away for a time."

The tutor gasped. "He is going," he said.

"Is he? I thought so when you came in; you aren't very clever at hiding things, are you?" Then, with a sudden change of manner which bewildered the man more than anything else, "These plush frames are five-and-sixpence each; are you going to buy one?"

Mr. Smith felt as though a weight had been lifted off his conscience, and another and heavier one substituted for it; nevertheless, when he emerged from Baxter's shop, he looked several years fresher than when he entered it. He was carrying the plush frame under his arm. At the corner of Carfax he ran against his discarded Dean, who was returning moodily from an unprofitable afternoon in the parks, and seeking where tea he might devour.

"Hullo, Smith!" said the Dean, seeing him, "have you finished your important business?"

The worthy man would have detained him, but Mr. Smith hurried on with a nod that was almost impolite. His face had grown red, and somehow the consciousness of virtue hardly seemed as supporting as it had been an hour before.

The next afternoon, Mr. Smith heard that Dick Vernar had applied for leave, and gone down to read. The decision seemed to him a trifle sudden, and he marvelled somewhat, until he received a letter from Dick, dated "Paris, Feb. 13th," in which he wrote, "You were quite right, and I have taken your advice. Something has come over—you know who. The last day I was in Oxford she refused me, but I told her plainly I was not going to give up, and should ask her again when I came back. By the way, we are going to Nice—Mater and all, though why I can't imagine; she always used to hate the place."

When Mr. Smith had read this letter he laughed aloud. Really, the infatuation of these boys was too amusing, he thought, after which he went out to buy another plush frame. He remained in Oxford over Easter—there was, as he explained to the Dean, a great attraction about the place in early spring which he had never noticed before—and during these months he heard seldom from Dick Vernar, and the letters which he did receive were vague and scanty.

For his own part, Mr. Smith had never been much of a correspondent, and thus it chanced that the two friends heard little of each other's doings.

On the first evening of the summer term, however, Vernar, looking radiant, but a trifle shamefaced, burst into the tutor's rooms in college, but, to his extreme surprise, he found them tenanted by a stranger, and, on asking the porter, he learnt that Mr. Smith was not yet come up. Then his face fell slightly as he turned his steps towards the town. There was possibly that in his mind which made a visit to Baxter's shop less pleasant than it might be.

However, having reached the familiar door, he inquired of the

maiden within (she of the Freshmen) whether Miss Saunderson was at liberty.

"Lor', Mr. Vernar!" said the fair one, who knew him perfectly. "haven't you heard?"

"Heard—no, what?" he asked.

"There, now!" said the girl, with more sympathy than tact. "I do call that a shame!"

"Confound it!" exclaimed Dick. "What is the matter? Is she ill?"

"No, she ain't ill, but——"

"Well?"

"She's bin an' married Mr. Smith!"

The girl said afterwards that Mr. Vernar took it very well. Indeed, he only said one word. She said it sounded like "Sham!"; but she didn't think it was.

About eighteen months or so later, when Mr. and Mrs. Dick Vernar came to Oxford on their honeymoon—the lady was a Miss Crawford, a nice girl, with plenty of money—the first people they called upon were the Smiths, who had taken a modest little villa near the parks.

It was on this occasion that Mrs. Vernar made her first and last remark in the course of this little history, "Why," she said, with some air of superiority, "why will people disfigure their drawing-rooms with those odious plush frames?"

IN BLOOMSBURY.

'Tis the home of the Capital's Guests,

The Land of the Lodger's ententment;

Whence visitors start on their quests,

Returning with little resentment—

Though there isn't much room to be merry,

For there's less of the "Bloom" than the "bury,"

Yet our guests are content

To put up with the rent,

And the pleasures of boarding-house sherry.

I know every room in detail—

The chairs and the antimacassar,

The tidies that gladly would hail

A dip in a bucket of *wasser*.

The rods on the stair and the drugget

(And laundresses rarely may hug it);

The prints on the wall

Of the Flood or the Fall;

And the plant that would blossom if you dug it.

I've seen all the people before—

The type (for the tribe is nomadic,

And comes from the uttermost shore

In flights the reverse of sporadic).

There's the maid you are sure from San Frisco

(Though her air is demure, she is brisk O!);

There are Kaiserly swells

And colonial belles,

And the Scot who will not run a risk O!

You'll find them assembled at night

On balconies listening to Pan O!—

The black making love to the white,

Serenaded by organ-piano.

The mater asleep after dinner

Can't spy on her deep little sinner;

For youth's on the wing,

And it must have its fling

(Mamma was adept, when thinner).

Though there isn't much room to be merry,

Though there's less of the "Bloom" than the "bury,"

The sensible guest

Sees only what's best

And he skips to derry-down-derry.

J. M. D.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

DR. ANDREW WILSON IN THREE VOLUMES.*

The most energetic of popular lecturers upon science has found time to address the "wider public" through the medium of three little books in three several capacities—to wit, as the raconteur, naturalist, and



DR. ANDREW WILSON.
Photo by George Shaw, Edinburgh.

family doctor; and, as one expects, he proves a delightful companion in the two former rôles, and a sagaciously frank adviser in the third. His *Reminiscences* are as racy and entertaining as the experiences of a lecturer who has a keen eye for the humorous side of matters must be. Dr. Wilson began his career as a public educator at the mature age of fifteen years, and astonished both his audience and himself by scoring a success, which may no doubt be accounted for by the supposition that in these early years of daring precocity he possessed in their undeveloped state the qualifications which have since won for him his high place among the favourites of the lecture-desk. Having, on at least one occasion, been urged by a fellow traveller in the railway carriage to spend a profitable and pleasant evening for once in hearing Dr. Andrew Wilson speak, he must be

aware that his visits are anticipated with pleasure, but possibly he could not, if asked the question, tell us where the secret of his power over an audience lies. If you have heard him, you could probably explain to him that he owes his sway to his ability to feel the pulse of his hearers. He has the gift of investing the least attractive topic with life and interest, thanks to the lightness of touch which grows from natural humour. He can amuse when he thinks proper, which is very often; but the genuineness of his humour appears in the facility with which gaiety becomes gravity, and the entertaining the impressive. Lucid in explanation and happy in choice of simile, he convinces by his avoidance of dogmatism. He knows a great deal too much to be "cocksure," and reminds you in manner, if not in words, that the task of the science of to-day is to prove the science of yesterday in error, while the business of to-morrow's science will be, no doubt, to correct that of to-day. Lastly, he is the possessor of a voice as clear as the explanations it conveys. Thus equipped, he has pursued for many years now the career which has provided material for these *Reminiscences*. It has been a path not without thorns, but these, for the most part, are provocative rather of laughter than tears; though it must have been humiliating to receive, from an official of no less experience than a hall-sweeper, the advice to black his face, and introduce a Gilchrist lecture with breakdown and comic song. The long-winded and prosy chairman bent on delivering the lecture himself, the over-officious secretary, the inevitable late arrival resolved to reach his front seat or die in the attempt, and minor sinners of the like order, find themselves good-humouredly set in Dr. Wilson's pillory; let us hope to the amendment of their future ways and the relief of lecturer and lectured in equal degree.

If, as I make no doubt you do, you read Dr. Andrew Wilson's weekly contributions to the *Illustrated London News*, you will know what to expect in "The Light Side of Science." He deals with such a wide range of subjects in his two hundred and thirty-odd pages that, at the first glance, a stranger to the author and his works would suspect the slender gleanings of a sort of scientific butterfly, the simple fact being that the crafty Doctor has skimmed the cream of his knowledge for a dish that shall bring pupils to his mistress—Science, to wit. He writes just as he speaks, and his ardour is infectious whether he treats of Curiosities of Breathing, of Germs as Friends (it is pleasant to find someone in authority speaking up for germs, which, it appears, are like some "difficult" people, in so far that their co-operation may be invaluable if you take them the right way), of Pike, of Street-Noise, of Colour-Blindness, or of Right-handedness. If these most readable papers in their variety betray a leaning in one direction more than another, it is towards natural-history problems. We are not all naturalists, but there are some among the mysteries of animal life which assert their potent fascination over everybody. They undoubtedly will in Dr. Wilson's hands: take this from his chapter on Slavery among Ants—

If we suppose that, as might very well happen now and then, pupæ seized and taken to the nests of their captors for food, developed by accident into

workers, and began instinctively to discharge the duties of the nest, one may readily conceive that the masters and captors, struck by the advantages of "cheap labour," would crystallise into a habit what was at first a mere chance affair.

His knack of choosing the right thing to tell and the best way of telling it is as conspicuous in his writings as in his speaking; and, as with ants, so with such unpromising subjects as jelly-fish and flounders, he contrives to lay his finger upon any peculiar lurking interest accruing, and presents in an entirely new light a creature you might be pardoned for regarding as an excrescence in the scheme of creation. It is the mission of the popular educator to make the unknown or superficially unattractive alluring; and Dr. Wilson has exalted the business to the level of a fine art.

In "Our Food and Drinks," we have the indefatigable man in a new part; he is the family physician admonishing us how to keep him in his professional capacity out of the house. Most of us have a black list, longer or shorter, of things we like but dare not touch; and all of us feel a sympathetic interest in our own persons, particularly when eating and drinking are concerned. Hence, one derives a certain melancholy pleasure in learning why it is that walnuts or Gruyère cheese do not agree with one; and Dr. Wilson's dissertation on the digestive organs will perhaps induce a spirit of resignation among those whose list of forbidden luxuries is a lengthy one. The moderation of his teaching is represented by one brief remark addressed to vegetarians: "If a vegetarian diet agrees best with an individual, I say let him practise that mode of life, by all means. His error would be that of supposing that what suits him must of necessity suit all other people."

"THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE."

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's "The Story of an Untold Love" (Archibald Constable) is a surprising *tour de force*, since you cannot lay it down, in spite of your ever-deepening sense of the abjectness of the hero and of the heroine's gross ungraciousness. Not till the close do you discover that the lady was hardly so ungenerous as she seemed to you, and must have seemed to the gentleman; and yet, by the sheer force of a charming style and of a subtle self-revelation of character, your interest in the diarist deepens with every page of his journal. For the book is written in the form of a diary by a "pale, fond lover," whom no rebuffs, however decided or mortifying, can provoke into a "Devil take her!" mood even for a moment. And yet his punishment is vicarious, due really to his father, who embezzled the lady's fortune, which the hero sells himself into an odd slavery to repay. An offensive New York millionaire who has literally "struck oil"—made a colossal fortune in petroleum—takes a sudden fancy not only to run, but to write a newspaper. As, however, he cannot write a grammatical line, he pays the hero, an accomplished journalist, a high salary to allow his articles, and even his books, to appear as his employer's composition. It was hardly an honourable partnership in a forgery, but there was no speedier way open to the hero to repay the big sum his father had embezzled and thereby to recover the respect of the heroine. By the irony of fate, however, the very means he took to regain the forfeited

affection of the lady all but lost it to him for ever, since a book of his, published as his employer's, so charmed her as to decide her to accept its supposed author's proposal of marriage! As the hero cannot in honour undeceive her about the authorship of the book, he can only and vaguely warn her against such a marriage; and this seemingly base detraction of his employer and benefactor but disgusts her. Finally, in an illness partly brought on by his despair of her favour, a common friend steals and shows her the diary devoted to her worship, wherein she discovers not only that he had adored her, but that she had adored him, since he was the real author of the book which had won her heart. Even ladies who find it hard to forgive the hero's weakness and meekness, and even men who find it hard to forgive the ungraciousness and even ingratitude of the heroine, must be charmed by "The Story of an Untold Love," so delightful is its style and so natural are its personages.



MR. PAUL LEICESTER FORD.
Photo by Conant, Brooklyn.

* "The Reminiscences of a Lecturer." London: Jarrold and Sons.
"The Light Side of Science." London: James Bowden.
"Our Foods and Drinks." ("The Isobel Handbooks," No. 5.) London: C. Arthur Pearson, Limited.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is curious to see the sudden rush of dramatic authors, as well as managers, to some pet subject or style of play. Already we have two squads of "The Three Musketeers" swaggering about the suburbs, and another is promised us shortly. The last, indeed, being given by big guns of the theatrical world, might be called for distinction "The Tree Beerbohmbarbiers." It is a tempting subject, but a hideously difficult one. Dumas himself, successful and distinguished dramatist as he was, could make little of his own novel. A few of the chief scenes of the tale, strung together in an artificial way—that was about all he gave in his dramatic "Jeunesse des Mousquetaires." And that is all that a dramatist can make of the subject: a number of episodes connected by a slim thread of plot, and by the personality of D'Artagnan. You cannot make a real drama of an epic; the return of Odysseus might be turned into a good play, but only that part of the Odyssey which deals with the hero after his landing in Ithaca. Polyphemus and Circe and the Læstrygons and the Sirens and charming Nausicaa must be cut out. A tale of adventure needs a constant change of scene and motive, a perpetual infusion—or effusion—of new blood. And when the tale is one that has made itself a part of the general stock of human memories, the task of turning it into a play is doubly hard. For the public, knowing the story, will grumble if some very interesting but impracticable episode is omitted or distorted; which, nevertheless, must be.

On the other hand, it is a great advantage for an actor to play a part of which most of his audience have a certain knowledge. In an original play, it may very well be that the author has formed one conception of a character, and that the actor, the critics, and the audience have respectively different notions as to the intention of the part. In "The Three Musketeers" there is no doubt about the matter. D'Artagnan is the resourceful, daring, adventurous, rather unscrupulous Gascon; he is Cyrano without the nose—and the poetry. He would never have fallen in love with Roxane, but, if he had, he would have sealed the balcony himself, and left Christian speechless outside, unless Christian had been Athos. Self-abnegation is not the characteristic virtue of the Gascon.

It is curious to see the recent discussion about D'Artagnan's Christian name. One hardly thinks of him as having such a thing at all. Dumas certainly never troubled to give him one. It is true that the English translation of "Vingt Ans Après" makes the Gascon sign a letter "Jonis d'Artagnan"; but in the French the signature is "*Votre d'Artagnan*" merely: and the *Jonis* stands revealed as a misprint of "Yours," due to the slovenly printing of a poor translation. One of the present versions calls him Raoul; the author arguing, presumably, that Athos had called his son Raoul de Bragelonne after his old friend. But if we are to give D'Artagnan a name, one sees no reason why he should not have his own name, or rather, the name of the historical D'Artagnan, which was Charles.

It might have interfered more seriously with the famous Three to give them their real names. Athos is, as the unhappy magistrate remarked, the name of a mountain; but it is also the name of a place in Béarn, from which Armand de Sillègue took his title. He was the real D'Artagnan's real Athos. Aramis might have been called by his own name of Henry, instead of René, without any harm; but it would have been fatal to his ecclesiastical career to disclose that he was only a Lay Abbot, or owner of impropriated tithe, and a married man to boot. For the matter of that, D'Artagnan became a married man too, so there is warrant for making his romance end happily, though his marriage did not. As for Porthos, he could only claim the baptismal name of John from his real original. There is no advantage in that. Finally, on the morning of the famous scene in the inn at Meung, the real D'Artagnan was about two years old.

But it is waste of time to seek for history in a historical novel, or either history or novel in the play made out of it. The chief advantage of making a play about heroes of history or romance is that there is not so much to explain. The name is a sort of label that tells the audience something about the character, and exempts the author from cunningly introducing in a natural and conceivable manner some particulars of the antecedents of his hero, or devising scenes to show off the facets of his temperament. There is nothing in the work of the dramatist so hard—nor, as a rule, so entirely unprofitable.

It is with the dramatist as with the painter. It is hard to tell a story; it is easy to allude to one. For, in the first place, there has to be invention as well as execution; and the technical quality of the work must be good enough to call attention to itself. But take a subject or story that interests the many, especially a sacred story, and those who know nothing about the stage or painting will ascribe to the picture the interest they feel in the label. Think what a boon it was to an Italian painter to be able to depict a young man in a towel and a set of arrows, and at once ensure the pious interest and blunt the critical faculties of the bulk of those who saw his work by labelling his picture "St Sebastian"! Think how Shakspeare and other unscrupulous playwrights scored by bringing in Crookback Dick or Bluff Hal. The wonder is not that there are so many Madonnas and Saints and historical and novelistic plays; rather, the wonder is that there is anything else. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ*—hence these Musketeers. MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The horror of the public home, of the benevolent institution, seems to be the leading motive of Miss Lucy Maynard's new novel, "The Philanthropist" (Methuen). There is a kind of white hatred visible in her description of that laudable and excellent institution, the National Orphan Asylum, which provided training, instruction, and even accomplishments, for a large number of boys and girls, and would seem to have won gratitude from none of the articulate ones, at least. The petty scandals, the gossip, the trivial interests which make up the relaxations of life among the authorities in the community are chronicled in a way that seems unemotional at first sight, but which soon discloses an almost ferocious antipathy. What family affection and what love can mean to a young girl in such a life is made intensely real, without any lengthy explanation on the part of the writer. But where Miss Maynard wins most distinction is in the more difficult task of showing how a good man, generously philanthropic, sincerely interested in relieving his fellow-creatures, deteriorates slowly and surely from the fact of exercising his benevolence as a profession, to which private affections and private duties must give way. This she has done with the aid of very little incident, explanation, or machinery of any kind, and with uncommon cleverness. That the book is not very pleasant may be due to the fact that a fiery missionary zeal against professional philanthropy has inspired it. A more genial subject will probably lend a more genial manner to Miss Maynard's undoubted talent.

About Mr. H. M. Gilbert's stories in "Of Necessity" there hangs a cloud of settled gloom that takes away all desire to live, if once a reader becomes possessed by a sense of their truth to reality—as well he may; for the author writes in full sincerity, and in an unsensational manner, as if chronicling the most ordinary events and quite normal careers. He speaks of life among the lower middle-classes in London, and most evidently of life as he knows it. There is no gloating over horrors, and one can hardly call his attitude morbid or his pictures exaggerated. The greyiness, the hopelessness, the bitter reward of duty done, the narrow interests, the unloveliness of the existence he paints, are all true, and they pile up a sum so intolerable to him that he makes out of them an indictment against—human nature, perhaps, the constitution of society, almost against life itself. And for a moment, one is inclined to join with him; for he has the grasp of his art, and a strange power of overwhelming a reader with his view of the case. A visit to the East-End or to any worker's quarter will possibly bring about a reaction, will show he is painting the black chapters only, and that life avenges these continually by excitement, by blessed apathies, by joys, in sordid garb perhaps, but joys nevertheless. His truth is truth of detail; taken cumulatively, it is false. And we entirely acquit him of working on our feelings merely for his own literary purposes. He is a man of heart as well as observation. He writes with skill, too, and his book ranks high above the average. But he falls short in one important respect. He saps our courage; life looked at through his intense and imperfect vision becomes something not worth a struggle, and almost too ugly to waste a tear on.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's new book, "Problems of Modern Industry" (Longmans), is a popular exposition of the attitudes and work of practical Socialism in England to-day. It is not particularly concerned with ideals, and is very unsympathetic towards Utopias, is altogether very English, and very reasonable. The matter of it has been contributed to magazines and newspapers during the last ten years, and it is less detailed and more popular in character than "The Industrial Democracy," which the same authors published some months ago. Still, I do not recommend it as light literature. There is, however, a certain amount of picturesque writing in it from the pen of Mrs. Webb; and one paper on "The Jews of East London" is an interesting supplement to Mr. Zangwill's Ghetto stories. The picture of the Hamburg boat laden with Jewish immigrants steaming slowly up the Thames in the early morning is very vivid, and the portraits uncommonly lifelike—neither flattering nor unsympathetic. "Stamped on the countenance and bearing of the men is a look of stubborn patience; in their eyes an indescribable expression of hunted, suffering animals, lit up now and again by tenderness for the young wife or little child, or sharpened into a quick and furtive perception of surrounding circumstances." Here is a clearly defined and individual portrait. "The elder boy, a lad of ten, fastens his eyes fixedly on his father's watch-chain (his father has been some time in London, and is prospering), tries in vain to pierce the pocket and weigh and measure the watch, calculates quickly the probable value, wonders whether gilded articles are cheaper or dearer in London than in Poland, and registers a silent vow that he will not rest day nor night until he is handling, with a possessor's pride, a gold chain and watch similar or superior to that adorning his father's person. Then he prepares with religious reverence to receive his father's blessing." It is this habit of general and particular observation, joined to business-like precision and a cool brain, that has given Mr. Webb's work in industrial matters the exceptional value which it has. o. o.

The Pyramids are to be lighted with electricity, generated by the cataracts of Assouan, the force being transmitted a distance of something over a hundred miles. It only remains to go a step further, and apply the Röntgen Rays to the Sphinx, and thus induce him at last to reveal his mystery.

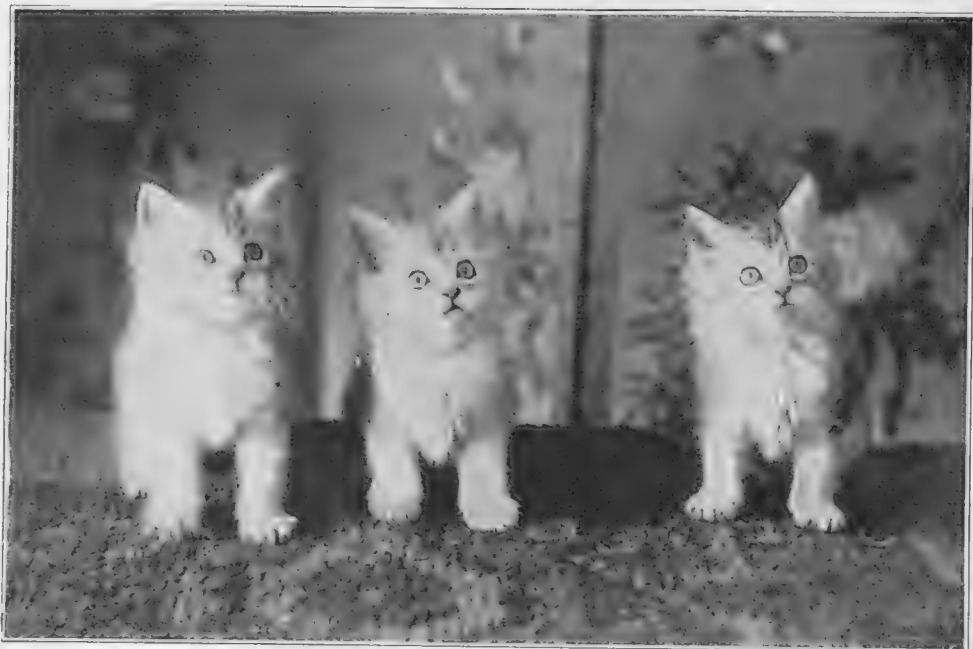
THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



A PORT SAID AUDIENCE.

A well-known novelist, who has wandered the world over, calls Port Said "the greatest cesspool of corruption to be found on the face of the earth"—a description the most accurate ever drawn of a town which degrades the term "civilisation," if, indeed, Port Said can be looked upon as a civilised city, for depravity in every form known to man or woman flourishes there unchecked, and the very air seems pregnant with evil.

During the six weeks that I was compelled to spend in Port Said—no sane man would stop there six hours of his own free-will—I visited all the so-called "places of interest" in the town and its vicinity. The principal "places of interest" are the houses of entertainment and the haunts of vice. Now, I remember that when, in 1894, I was obliged to witness the execution in Paris of a French Anarchist, Emile Henri by name, I thought it would have been hard to find in any part of the world a crowd more ill-favoured than the *canaille* assembled at daybreak in the Place de la Roquette on that miserable morning. But that idea has long since been dispelled, for the audiences—save the mark!—to be seen at certain places of amusement in Port Said on any day or night of the week completely eclipse in their variety, as well as in their repugnant appearance, a Paris mob such as the one referred to. Marat himself and his *sans-culottes* could not have headed a more evil-looking set of ruffians than the last audience that I saw in a



THREE WHITE KITS.

representatives of the scum of almost every known nation, and apparently a few types of unknown nations as well. Egyptians were there in plenty, dark, sullen, eagle-eyed; Lascars, gloomy but fierce; bearded, beetle-browed Russians; dirty, unkempt Frenchmen; the unspeakable Turk leering out of his jaundiced eyes; a few slippery-skinned Italians; yellow Asiatics; dark-eyed, scowling Spaniards; a sprinkling of clean-shaven American rogues; English blacklegs of the stamp seen nowhere else but on a racecourse, at pigeon-matches, or at prize-fights; some Germans and some Dutchmen; Jews of the lowest class, to judge from their appearance; a Japanese or two; many Chinese; here and there an individual who might have come from Buenos Ayres or from Mexico; and then, at the back, beside a few respectable sight-seers, a heterogeneous assortment of men of all sorts and conditions—a "job lot" that Barnum and Bailey ought to have bought up even at a premium.

Such is the motley crowd that goes to make up the audience to be seen at any of the low places of amusement to which jabbering native pimps endeavour to entice the unwary almost as soon as the latter set foot ashore at Port Said, or such was the case a year ago. Woe betide, then, the morbidly inquisitive youth of weak intellect and weak morals whom these shrewd native pimps ensnare into their meshes. If, in his feverish anxiety to "see life"—which means with him the very coarsest side of life, and "to see life"

seems to be the sole ambition of a certain set of latter-day noodles—the youth in question escapes merely with an empty purse, he may indeed consider himself fortunate.

T.



NOT SO BLACK AS THEY ARE PAINTED.

place of "amusement" in Port Said. The sight, indeed, recalled to mind Dumas' powerful description of the human vermin of the earth. Many hundreds of men must have been there, and among them were



A HAPPY FAMILY.



PERSIANS.

Photographs by E. Lundor, Eating.

GOSSIP OF A NATURALIST.

Will these remorseless scientific naturalists spare us not one "popular error"? Dr. Harrison, Chairman of the Clifton "Zoo," has been digging the grave of one dearly beloved error before the British Association. It is very unkind of him, for the awful power of fascination which doth (not) dwell in the eye of the serpent has been a pillar of strength to travellers of the more imaginative order for generations. How often have we not read with bated breath that tale of the innocent little bird beguiled in spite of itself from the safety of the tree-top into the maw of the snake below! The victim begins by catching the snake's eye, you remember; its song trembles, and falls away in a plaintive twitter—the plaintive twitter is rarely omitted; then, "spellbound," it hops down towards that basilisk eye (usually a bird, under these painful circumstances, sees but one eye; perhaps the snake keeps the other closed in a kind of prolonged wink). It hops down nearer and nearer and nearer, until, when within reach of the snake's jaws, it does exactly what its song did—trembles and falls with a twitter, to be swallowed under circumstances of more or less lurid detail. My marrow has been frozen over and over again by the fate of that fascinated bird, proof to the contrary notwithstanding in the shape of the utterly indifferent demeanour of rats presented to their destroyer. But now Dr. Harrison, taking a mean advantage of the opportunities of his office for many years, shatters one of the most deservedly popular errors with a cold-blooded scientific paper; and the

and protect the birds from their foes on the mainland, so in 1896 Resolution Island was given up for the purpose of a preserve, and to this sanctuary, free from alien foes, no fewer than five hundred specimens were transported last year. There are several societies in New Zealand whose business is to care for indigenous species and introduce new ones which are thought desirable. Imported red deer, hares, pheasants, and partridges have done well in both islands, to say nothing of trout and salmon. The rabbit, responding to injudicious invitation, made himself at home in the South Island, and, of course, is now the object of a war of extermination; the trouble is that you can't poison rabbits without also poisoning pheasants and partridges.

Anthony, the aged hippopotamus whose serious illness I announced a few weeks ago, is, it appears, no longer in the land of the living. A correspondent writes to me from Paris that he paid a visit to the Jardin des Plantes with the express object of seeing the interesting invalid, but discovered that poor Anthony had joined his forefathers some time since. The keeper, says my correspondent, declared that he had had to waste his valuable time in answering the questions of a number of visitors, presumably *Sketch* readers, who had come on the same errand.

One of the happiest *ménages* in the Jardin des Plantes at the present moment consists of an Abyssinian lioness and a dog of a mongrel breed unknown to fanciers. The pair have been in the same cage for rather more than two years, the lioness having been only a few months old when she was first brought to the gardens. Nothing arouses the



THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

A Sketch in Oils from Life by D. S.

snake with the mesmeric eye is put to confusion and shame. It will not mind so much; but I am sorry for the travellers who have described these things with such circumstantial exactness of detail.

Sir John Lubbock also addressed the Zoological Section of the Meeting on the ever-attractive subject of dog intelligence. He gave an account of experiments he made some years ago with the object of measuring the reasoning power of the dog. In effect, he found it possible to implant a single, simple idea in its mind; he taught his dog to distinguish so clearly between cards bearing the words "Food," "Out," and "Tea," that it would bring the appropriate card when it was hungry, wanted to go out, or hankered for tea; but he could not educate the dog to higher flights, failing utterly to teach it to distinguish colours. Sir John has a practical end in view in this connection: he says what we ought to do is to try and arrive at some means by which the dog can communicate with man, which seems ambitious. Somewhere about the beginning of the century, Leibnitz gave what the *Sporting Magazine* of 1804 described as a "well-authenticated account" of a German dog whose peasant master taught it to pronounce thirty different words with understanding! This super-canine achievement stands alone in the annals of dog-lore, and, I venture to think, always will. After all, there are very few *simple* ideas which a dog cannot communicate to its master, who is apt to measure the animal's intelligence by his own ability to understand it.

New Zealand awakened some years ago to the desirability of taking steps to preserve the remainder of her curious wingless birds from extermination. Her three species of Apteryx were fast going the way of the Dodo before the collector's gun, and, far more formidable to birds of nocturnal habit, imported stoats and weasels. It was hopeless to try

fury of her Majesty of the desert to such an extent as the sight of a nice plump baby, or even, when a baby is not at hand, a doll. It is impossible to avoid feeling a little sympathy for the lioness, however, when one hears that the only food the animals receive is meat that has been condemned as unfit for human consumption by the city market inspectors. As for the dog, the association seems to have made him considerably more savage than the specimens of his race labelled as "savage" in a neighbouring cage. His special object of antipathy is apparently the uniform of the French Army, for each time a soldier approaches the cage he is seized with a fit of leaping and barking that would bode ill for anyone that came within reach of his teeth. At other times he lies coily at the back of the cage and allows his lady-love to caress him.

What is an honest angler to do when a salmon, "thirty-two inches long and in first-class condition," of sheer light-hearted stupidity jumps into the boat, as befell an astonished party on the River Wye, near Monmouth, a few days ago? To return the fish to the water would be like throwing its gift in the face of Providence, while to keep it and take it home involves convincing any sceptical bailiff you might meet that it was an unsought possession. One could hardly blame a river-watcher for accepting your explanation with reserve, but, nevertheless, the occurrence recorded from Monmouth is by no means unprecedented. When a small boy, fishing on the Nairn, I remember seeing a 5-lb. grilse attempt suicide in this way, jumping clear on to the bank at the feet of a friend, who, with the terrors of the law behind his back, promptly kicked it on the head. If that boy (he has since become an eminent angler) had not been moved to declare he caught it with his two-and-sixpenny rod and tackle to match, parental authorities would never have minutely examined the fish and discovered the truth. The absence of a hook-wound in the grilse's mouth put them on the right track.

A MUSIC-HALL DE LUXE.

The "Variety" form of entertainment has become such a popular institution in this country—threatening sometimes to seriously compete with the theatres—that an account of what is generally believed to be the biggest enterprise of this class in the world may be of some interest not only to the general reader, but also to music-hall proprietors in this country.

In 1882 Benjamin Franklin Keith gave up farming in Western Massachusetts, because he thought he could make more money as a showman, and he hired a room, thirty-five feet by fifteen, in Boston, where he exhibited Baby Alice, a midget. He now owns four of the most luxurious and most profitable places of entertainment in the United States, the biggest and newest of which is Keith's New Theatre, in Boston.

Mr. Keith was the originator of the "continuous performance" scheme. His "show" begins at eleven in the morning and continues uninterruptedly until eleven at night, and during that time there is no repetition. A casual visitor to Boston, for instance, for a day's shopping or on business can drop into Keith's house and see a first-class entertainment while waiting for a train or an appointment.

The land and building of Keith's Theatre, in Boston, cost £220,000, and Mr. Keith is sole proprietor of both. He does not believe in partnerships or joint-stock companies. The house holds three thousand spectators, and is worked by a staff of a hundred and fifteen persons, exclusive of performers and musicians. The luxuriousness of the appointments, decorations, and furniture cannot be equalled by any place of entertainment in Europe. The immense vestibule is illuminated by 220 electric lamps of various forms and colours, and its walls are covered by superb mirrors, alternating with frescoes by Tojette, of Florence. At the end of the vestibule is a lobby containing more than a thousand pounds' worth of china, and furnished with Louis XIV. writing-tables, each of which is supplied with writing materials—silver-handled pens!—for the use of visitors. The ladies' retiring-rooms on this floor are furnished also in Louis XIV. style, and as luxuriously appointed as the boudoir of any duchess, even to the extent of a bedstead—a copy of a celebrated one in Paris—for ladies who may be taken ill during the performance. The retiring-rooms attached to the shilling gallery have good water-colours on the walls, and mahogany toilet-tables supplied with ivory brushes, &c. Every part of the auditorium and the lobbies and the retiring-rooms are covered with Wilton pile-carpet of the best quality. But I have no space for anything like an adequate description of the decorations, furniture, statuary, draperies, the panelling in valuable woods, the mural paintings in the auditorium—all of which suggest the mansion of a wealthy collector of curios and works of art rather than the interior of a music-hall.

Of the one hundred and fifteen members of the staff, over ninety are dressed in smart uniforms. They have a corridor of dressing-rooms and



THE ENTRANCE TO THE BIJOU THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.

two bath-rooms allotted to their use, and there is a tailor's department for making, repairing, and altering their uniforms. The manager's dressing-room is such as one would expect to find in a New York millionaire's mansion.

In the course of a thorough exploration of the building, I was taken by Mr. Albee, the manager, even over the gridiron at the top of the

stage. The gridiron of an ordinary theatre is covered by dust of many years' accumulation. Mr. Keith's gridiron is swept until perfectly clean every morning; as Mr. Albee remarked, "We make it a rule that every part of the building, in front, behind, and below, is so kept that any lady could walk anywhere (except near the furnace) in a white satin dress without injuring it." "Good manners and good morals" is the motto of the establishment, and absolute cleanliness is



THE VESTIBULE OF KEITH'S NEW THEATRE, BOSTON.

included in "good manners." American men are supposed by us Britishers to be always spitting, but the practice is prohibited at Keith's, both among the employés and the audience. If one of the latter is seen to spit—and six attendants are constantly on the watch—a neat gilt-bevelled card is handed to him intimating that he has broken a rule of the house, and that, if he does so again, he will have to go out. Every scrap of dirt, even from footmarks, is immediately wiped up, and the engine-room is no exception to this rule. All the engineers' tools are kept, when not in use, brilliantly polished in a mahogany case with glass front. The chief engineer makes his notes and reports on a Louis XIV. writing-table; his oil-cans are of beaten copper. No programmes are supplied, because they make a litter on the floor of the auditorium.

The engine-room, dynamo-rooms, and carpenter's shop are perfectly appointed with all the newest inventions. The engine which would set the "sprinkler" going in case of fire is always working. Mr. Keith supplies his own water from an artesian well, and his own electric power. The heating, ventilating, and cooling arrangements are the best obtainable.

One of the rules of the establishment is that no employé of whatever grade is permitted to use an oath, and no performer is allowed to sing an indecent song or speak a suggestive line. Drunkenness is almost impossible, because no drink is sold in the building; here is news for managers who rely on their bars for the best part of their profits.

Mr. Keith has aimed at elevating the vaudeville and variety classes of entertainment by eliminating every objectionable feature, and he has succeeded in doing so without sacrificing "talent." I had three opportunities while in Boston of witnessing his show, and I did not see a single turn which was not absolutely good of its kind. In fact, I am surprised that several of them have not yet found their way to London. The commercial advantage of this careful selection of artists is seen in the large number of ladies and young girls who occupy seats in the daytime without male escort. Mr. Keith exercises the same care as regards the persons he admits to the auditorium. And he makes over sixty per cent. on his money.

F. GARDNER.

A MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

Here is a funny little story which ought to warn us never to try to do our neighbours a good turn, or, at any rate, never to expect their gratitude for it. A traveller who was passing through Calais was obliged to wait a few hours there, and the weather being more than tropical, he determined to have a bathe. He undressed in a remote corner of the beach, but, as he had a valuable gold watch and a purse containing three or four pounds on him, he was rather puzzled to know what to do with them. At last a bright idea struck him, and he dug a hole in the sand and buried them. In order to mark the place, he put his coat and hat over it, and went off gaily to bathe. Whilst he was away, alas! the tide came in with amazing rapidity, and a kind man, who saw the sea drawing perilously near the traveller's clothes, moved them to a place of safety, far out of the reach of the waves. Just then the bather came back, and his benefactor carefully explained to him how kind he had been. The wretched man grew pale, and remarked it might be a work of some difficulty to find his belongings again. They both set out to find the probable place, but in vain; and the tide coming in with a rush, the poor traveller's purse and money were buried for ever.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Miss Dorothy Yorke, who commenced her engagement at the Alhambra on Monday, is a new-comer to the halls, and, judging by the reception accorded her, a very welcome one. Her voice is a powerful



MISS DOROTHY YORKE.

mezzo-soprano of very pure quality, and it shows unmistakable signs of a careful training. This is not surprising, as Miss Yorke has been working hard for several years with the intention of going on the operatic stage. She not only has a fine voice and knows how to use it, but there is in her singing that emotional quality which appeals so irresistibly to a mixed audience. This is particularly noticeable in the song she chose on the occasion, during her rendering of which there prevailed among the audience a silence and sympathetic attention which was quite striking. Miss Yorke, though *petite*, has a charming presence, and gives one a singularly pleasing impression of brightness and charm.

She is the daughter of a distinguished North Country clergyman, and, though very young, has had a not uneventful life. For a year she was teaching music at a girls' school in the wilds of Texas, and, being of an adventurous disposition, has many exciting experiences to recount. She laughingly confesses, however, that when she faced for the first time on Monday night a music-hall audience it was her most trying ordeal.

The novelty in "Little Miss Nobody" lies in what a lawyer would call "a change of venue." For the first time we have a musical comedy which passes in Bonnie Scotland, up in that part of the Highlands where the orange-trees bear large fruit in the halls of castles. In this earthly Paradise the characters imagined by Mr. Graham dance and sing to the lively music of Mr. A. E. Godfrey and Mr. Landon Ronald, and perplex themselves with troubles due to a disregard of the laws of common honesty. For the idea of Miss Elsie, otherwise "Little Miss Nobody," of taking paying guests at a house which does not belong to her would shock the moralist. Yet she and her sweetheart get little trouble and much gain from the transaction, and half-a-dozen marriages come of it. To criticise works such as "Little Miss Nobody" seems needless. They merely aim to please by rattle and rollick, with an occasional touch of prettiness, and no doubt the new piece at the Lyric will please many people. All will be charmed by the acting of Miss Kate Cutler and the gaiety of Miss Gracie Leigh; and in course of time Mr. "Lal" Brough, who at present is poorly treated, will find a means of using his rich gifts. Mr. Hendrie is quite comical as a stage Highlander, and the public seems pleased by the method of Mr. Eastman.

On the first night "The Great Ruby" had to be regarded as an uncut stone mounted by anticipation in a superb setting; when Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, the authors, have done the cutting, their work will be the gem of the Drury Lane series. The serious playgoer, if there be such a creature, may turn up his nose at the play as mere melodrama, but tens of thousands will rejoice in the vividly told tale of the audacious robbery of the great ruby, of the struggle between Scotland Yard and a band of clever, daring thieves for its recovery, of the desperate fight in a balloon for the gem at a height which no ruby ever reached before, and of the final fulfilment of the adage more respected on the stage than in real life—"honesty is the best policy." The Balloon Scene, Lord's Cricket Ground, the Jeweller's Shop, and the Military Tournament form a set of scenes and sensational effects never surpassed. The best of them certainly is the balloon business, which is a marvellous achievement of stagecraft. The acting deserves hearty praise. Mrs. John Wood achieved wonders by dint of true art, as well as immense vitality. Mrs. Cecil Raleigh played superbly as a wicked woman, in the treatment of whom the authors, as elsewhere in the drama, have shown an agreeable desire to leave the over-beaten track. Miss Hoffman, a new-comer, I think, acted excellently. The ladies, I fancy, outshone the men, and yet admirable performances were given by Messrs. Robert Pateman, R. Loraine, J. B. Gordon, D. Millward, G. R. Foss, and C. M. Lowne.

Mr. James Welch—like his relative, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, a Liverpool man—has been revisiting the city on the Mersey, having given

up his part as the Professor of Anatomy in "What Happened to Jones," at the Strand, to play Elisha Brindle with Mr. William Greet's company touring with "The Dovecot." Others in the company are Miss Henrietta Watson (one of my favourite actresses), Miss Pattie Bell, and Miss Mena Le Bert. As regards Mr. George H. Broadhurst, author of the farce now running successfully at the Strand, his new play, copyrighted in London a few weeks ago, with the queer title of "Why Smith Left Home," has now been produced in America. Presumably, we shall see this also in London before so very long.

The retirement from the stage of Miss Furtado Clarke upon her marriage has caused Mr. Leonard Boyne to engage a new exponent of the heroine Norah Cavanagh in "Sporting Life." That part is now filled by Miss Vera Beringer, whose elder sister, Miss Esmé Beringer, migrated from Terry's Theatre, where she was playing Violet Melrose in "Our Boys," to assume the subordinate rôle of Dolores in "The Termagant."

"Bilberry of Tilbury," fresh from its run at the Criterion, has resumed its tour, Miss Frances Earle, Mr. Templer Saxe, Mr. W. T. Thompson, and Miss Amy Augarde reappearing in the parts which they filled in London.

Miss Florrie Ford, a young Australian now performing at the Oxford, who has already made a name for herself on the London variety stage, is a handsome, sparkling girl, with a good voice and splendid figure. She was born at Fitzroy, near Melbourne, in 1876, and her histrionic talents seem to be in a great measure hereditary, for many of her relatives have been connected with the stage, and her parents were well-known theatrical costumiers in the Victorian capital. Miss Ford has always wished to become an actress, but it was not until five years ago that an opportunity presented itself, and she made her début at the Gaiety Theatre, Sydney, under the management of Mr. Dan Tracey. For this occasion she had studied a new song and dance, and was naturally very nervous and excited, so much so that on making her exit she bounced into and completely wrecked the scene, much to the delight of the audience and the company; but, as Mr. Tracey very kindly suggested that soon "the laugh might be on the other side," she felt encouraged and soon became a great favourite. Then she had a season with Mr. Harry Rickards, and then was engaged by Mr. George Rignold for leading "boy" in his pantomime of "The House that Jack Built," following this with the part of William in "Black-Eyed Susan," after which she was secured by Mr. C. B. Westmacott to play Gertie Ray, a Society actress, in



MISS FLORRIE FORD.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

Mr. Harry Monkhouse's musical comedy "Pat." Later on, she was seen in and scored successes in drama, as Jenny Webbles in "The Work-Girl" and Clairette in "The Enemy's Camp"; but, after rejoining Mr. Rickards for seasons in Melbourne and Sydney, she decided that she wished to "come home" and try her luck in the Mother Country, and she likes London as well as the Londoners like her, which is very high praise on both sides.

COUNTRY BOOKS.

"The Trout" (Longmans) is the latest addition to the series familiarly known as the "Three F's." The Marquis of Granby undertakes to teach us how to catch the most popular fish that swims, and, so far as his instruction goes, it is exceedingly sound and pleasantly conveyed. He is, however, an enthusiastic dry-fly angler, and there is a tone of disparagement in his scanty references to the time-honoured wet or drowned-fly method which experienced fishermen will hardly approve. If you mean to kill fish on the wet-fly, you must proceed on lines more exact and calculated than the "chuck and chance" principle, as the Marquis too sweepingly describes it. Given suitable conditions, the superior science and fascination of the dry-fly method are cordially granted, but because this is the better sport, let us not dismiss the wet-fly in contempt. In the interest of completeness, too, our mentor should have given us at least a few pages on spinning a minnow, a business which demands nearly as much science and quite as much knowledge of the habits of trout as fishing with the dry-fly; but inasmuch as on some waters only the fly, dry or drowned, is permitted, perhaps he did right to sacrifice this department to the exigencies of space. His advice concerning the use of the dry-fly leaves nothing to be desired, and the beginner could not do better than read the pages on the subject with that invaluable book, Halford's "Dry-Fly Entomology," at his elbow for further reference.

Pisciculture during recent years has become such an important industry, and so many streams owe a measure of their excellence to artificially reared trout, that it was only right to devote a goodly part of



REMOVING YEARLING TROUT FROM PREPARING TANK FOR TRAVELLING.

Reproduced from "The Trout."

the book to the art and mysteries of trout-rearing. It is a delicate business, demanding ceaseless care and attention from first to last. Trout-rearing has been compared, and not inaptly, to sheep-farming, and only the practical fish-rearer knows how many and insidious are the ills to which trout in their nursery days are heir. Colonel Custance, himself a successful pisciculturist, has studied the subject closely, and gives us the fruit of experience based on that of such authorities as Frank Buckland and Livingston Stone. The last act in the artificial life of the trout, his despatch by rail to a distant station, once an experience fraught with peril to himself and disappointment to his purchaser, is now so well managed that little risk is involved from the moment he is removed with the dip-net from the nursery, in the manner shown, till he is carefully poured out of the travelling-tank into the destination whence he will return with a hook in his mouth.

Trout-fishing, by the way, furnishes "John Bickerdyke" with the text for an excellent article in the August issue (No. 18) of the "Encyclopædia of Sport" (Lawrence and Bullen). This and Mr. J. D. Inverarity's paper on the Tiger are among the best things the work has contained, both by men who are masters of their respective subjects and know what an encyclopædic article ought to be. Mr. Turner Turner's remarks on Trapping are to the point, though much has necessarily been sacrificed to brevity. Mr. Topham's descriptive article on Tobogganing will stir the blood of the adventurous.

Sir Henry Smith's little book on "Retrievers and How to Break Them" (Blackwood) may be commended to everyone who thinks of trying his skill and patience on the education of a young dog; it is the fruit of experience, humanity, and good sense, and is, moreover, written in a breezy, vigorous style. "Sporting Rhymes and Pictures" (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner) is the work of Mr. J. L. C. Booth, whose

humorous drawings are exceedingly clever and spirited; as a rhymester he is hardly so successful, but this is not the kind of book to be tried by literary standards.

The literature of polo grows apace. The latest, and in many respects the best work on the game yet published is Mr. T. B. Dryborough's "Polo" (Vinton and Co.). Mr. Dryborough was the founder of the Edinburgh Club, and is well known at Hurlingham and Ranelagh. His observations on the making of grounds and management of a club are sound and well-considered. Not the least attractive feature of his book is the wealth of illustrations representative of various breeds of ponies. C.

A HARD-WORKING IRISHWOMAN.

In the world of letters it would be difficult to find a more active and consistent worker than Mrs. Hinkson, *née* Miss Katharine Tynan. Versatility is more commonly associated with the Celt than with the Saxon, and in the matter of versatility Miss Tynan does the credit of her country no wrong, for from poetry to political articles, from novels of love and wedding-bells to gloomy realistic pictures of the sorrows and sufferings of the Irish peasant, naught seems to come amiss to her hand.

Mrs. Hinkson was born in Dublin, and educated at the Siena Convent in Drogheda. When she left school, she returned to her home near the Dublin mountains. It was a charming old thatched house, and, according to tradition, had once been the country-house of the great orator and patriot, Curran.

Here she wrote her first poems, finding her first critic in her father,

a man of great natural ability and sound critical judgment, who gave her every encouragement to write. Her first published poem appeared in a Dublin paper called *Young Ireland*; her second published poem found a place in the *Graphic*, from the editor of which the writer duly received a cheque for half-a-guinea. So delighted was Mr. Tynan at this tangible recognition of his daughter's work that he suggested having this cheque—her first literary payment—framed and hung up in her room; but, for reasons more or less obvious, the suggestion was not acted upon.

About this time Miss Tynan made the acquaintance and won the friendship of the Rev. Matthew Russell, editor of the *Irish Monthly*, that kindly Mæcenas to whose help and encouragement many a young writer owes the first step in a successful career. It was under Father Russell's auspices that her first book, "Louise de la Vallière, and Other Poems," was published in 1885. The critics were kind, and if they erred, erred on the side of generosity. The book was successful, and went rapidly into a second edition. But, what was even more desirable, it made for the author many friends, including Newman and Manning, Lord Lytton, Christina and William Rossetti, Aubrey de Vere, and others.

Miss Tynan's second volume of verse, "The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Graíune," appeared in 1887, and was dedicated to William Michael Rossetti and Christina Rossetti. Some time in 1888 began Miss Tynan's friendship with Frances Wynne, another of Father Russell's young poets, and author of a volume of charming lyrics called "Whisper." This friendship lasted until Mrs. Wynne's untimely death, a few years later.

In 1890 Miss Tynan published her first prose volume, "A Nun, Her Friends and Her Order." In 1891 "Ballads and Lyrics," which contains some of the writer's best work, appeared; and then followed a pause in Miss Tynan's literary activity, so far, at least, as publishing was concerned. Two years later she married, and left Ireland, and, as Mrs. Hinkson, settled in London. One of the first to welcome her to London was Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and since then Mrs. Hinkson has been a fairly constant contributor to the *Bookman* and the *British Weekly*.

In 1894 "Cuckoo Songs," and a volume of short stories, chiefly concerned with Irish peasant life, entitled "A Cluster of Nuts," made their appearance, and these were followed in the next year by "Miracle Plays," "The Way of a Maid," which is Mrs. Hinkson's first novel, and "An Isle in the Water," a collection of short stories dedicated to the author's friend, Miss Jane Barlow.

In 1896 Mrs. Hinkson showed her versatility by writing a delightful little prose comedy called "Ah, what a Plague is Love!" Last autumn "A Lover's Breastknot" was published. It is a little volume of poems divided into two parts, the first telling of the joys of wifehood, the second of the sorrows of motherhood.

Mrs. Hinkson's capacity for work seems almost limitless, and she says herself that she never feels tired except when she is *not* working. She is a great believer in the open air, and, when the weather is sufficiently favourable, she does all her work out of doors.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Sept. 21, 7; Thursday, 6.57; Friday, 6.55; Saturday, 6.53; Sunday, 6.51; Monday, 6.48; Tuesday, 6.46.

I reproduce here an illustration from a photograph of the Mellins Cup (value fifty guineas), which has been presented by the proprietors of the well-known Mellin's Food for Infants to the Southern Counties



THE MELLINS CUP.

Cycling Union and the Essex Cycling Union, Limited, for annual competition. The first race for this cup took place at the Great Cycling Carnival held last Wednesday at Redhill, the Essex team proving victorious by ten points.

The hunting season is almost upon us, and, as a lover of fox-hunting as well as of cycling, I take this opportunity of earnestly entreating cyclists fond of attending the meets to exercise at least ordinary discretion, not only when they find themselves in close proximity to horses, but when hounds have found and gone away. Many and many a time, since the universal adoption of the bicycle, what promised to be good runs have been stopped at the outset by cyclists unwittingly heading the fox. In the shires and the grass countries in particular, many hundreds of wheelmen, and more especially wheelwomen, were to be seen at most of the popular fixtures last season; but the majority of these cyclists, being themselves sporting people, knew how to behave, what to do, and what not to do. Had this not been the case, much unnecessary unpleasantness would for certain have arisen between the hunting-men and the cyclists, for until comparatively lately the latter were held in abhorrence by the hunting fraternity, and even to this day the cyclist is regarded with no friendly eye in some of the more remote hunting countries.

From time to time these columns have borne witness to strange discoveries, but to none stranger than my latest. I have discovered a man who can refuse a tip. He is a shepherd by profession, and tends his flock on the hills of Inverlarich, in the Western Highlands. I was strolling round the hills aforesaid with a friend whose pastime is photography, and we saw a collection of splendid rams in a field. My companion immediately assumed the offensive, and proceeded to erect his paraphernalia. Then came the shepherd with good services. He helped in the arrangement of the machine, sent his dog to get the flock into good position, modestly refused to face the camera, and followed the proceedings with deep interest. Thereafter he came to the gate, opened it for us, and absolutely refused the proffered tip. He did not drink, he said; he did not want any money; a photograph of his flock would content him. Inverlarich is indeed a strange place! Before I had been there half-an-hour, an obliging schoolboy, whom I never saw before and should be pleased to see again, lent me a fishing-rod, hunted for some bait, and showed me the most likely corner of the stream running among the hills from which the trout might be tempted to rise. Such courtesy may be Scotch, it is not English. In this happy land of ours the native can only say to the visitor, "You were a stranger and I took you in." Then the significance is not Biblical.

Much as I object to "lifting" paragraphs from the columns of my contemporaries, I cannot refrain from retailing from last week's *Hub* the following anecdote, which, if true, is too good to be lost. "At a garden-party given at a house in the North of England," runs the story, "many guests arrived on their bicycles. In order to save confusion, arrangements had been made for the proper housing of the machines, a system of cloak-room tickets being adopted, and each rider given a check. Conceive, then, the horror of the guests, on examining their cycles, to find that the careful guardian thereof, who happened to be the housekeeper, had pinned the duplicate tickets where they would most easily be seen, namely, on the front tyres of the machines."

A friend, writing from Deal, tells me that nearly all the roads in and around that delightful neighbourhood are absolutely perfect, from the cyclist's standpoint, and he ends up by alluding to the town itself as "a cyclists' paradise." This may be truly said of Deal in more senses than one, for when last I was privileged to prowl along its streets, I was, to use the cant phrase, "struck all of a heap" more than once at the sight

presented by the scores upon scores of smart, graceful, and well-appointed cycling nymphs gliding to and fro.

Several excellent penny-in-the-slot machines for securing cycles have been placed upon the market during the last year or two, but, of course, we are too conservative a nation to adopt anything so up-to-date until it has become an established institution in every other European country and a thing of the past in the United States. I have now just received particulars of yet another patent penny-in-the-slot cycle-locker "for use at hotels, restaurants, and places where riders are wont to leave their machines temporarily." The bicycle is held upright between two iron supports, and there secured by means of a chain, which passes round its head, and protects also the lamp. I understand that a firm of Americans have decided to take up this invention in earnest, and make it popular throughout Great Britain and Ireland. While sincerely wishing them every sort of success, I greatly doubt, knowing my own country and my own countrymen as well as I do, whether these enterprising Americans will make any perceptible headway before the dawn of the next generation.

Yet another accident on Kirkstone Pass! Two riders, possessed of more pluck than wisdom, attempted to ride down the Patterdale side of the pass on a brakeless tandem, and the catastrophe, though lamentable, is not surprising. I feel constrained, apropos of this and other similar accidents, to say a word on the danger of danger-boards. Those two excellent societies, the C.T.C. and the N.C.U., have put themselves to considerable trouble and expense for some years to scatter danger-boards broadcast over the country. If this had been done with a little more discrimination, they would have merited the unanimous gratitude of the cycling public. But here those estimable societies have failed. They were so anxious to protect the public from possible disaster that they cried "wolf" when there was no wolf. To drop the language of metaphor, they erected danger-boards on hills that were not the least dangerous, so that their warning soon came to be disregarded, and foolhardy riders every day attempt hills at a breakneck speed which, if ridden at all, should only be ridden with extreme caution.

Within a short distance of my own home I could mention two hills distinguished by the warning notices of the C.T.C. which cannot be regarded as dangerous to any but the veriest novice of the wheel. It is possible that some years ago a nervous beginner may have lost control of his machine and run into the wall at the foot of the hill, but this does not prove that the hill is dangerous to the average rider. I maintain that such a danger-board is dangerous, for when a rider finds the warning in one place to be superfluous, he is led to disregard it in another where it is really necessary. A move has already been made in the right direction this year by substituting "caution" for "danger"-boards in certain cases. If this had been done at first it might possibly have averted some fatal accidents.

A few months ago I alluded in this page to that charming resort for cyclists, The May Trees, near Cowley, just off the Uxbridge Road. I am glad to hear that my recommendation has been appreciated by many town-tired cyclists, and that during the late hot weather its cool, shady garden has been largely patronised. A lounge in those luxuriously cushioned deck-chairs beneath the trees forms by no means the least pleasant episode in a day's cycling excursion. If a few more cafés as *recherché* as The May Trees, and as dainty in their appointments, were to be met with within easy distance of town, they would add much to the pleasure and comfort of cyclists.

The Humber Cycle Company, Limited, have just received instructions to supply one of their celebrated Beeston Tricycles to the Marquis of Salisbury.

I hear of a novel idea from Southsea, a town noted for its cycles and pretty girls. It appears to be the fashion there for a whole family—father, mother, sons, and daughters—to ride in caps of the same colour, an adaptation of club customs to the family circle. Supposing the custom to become universal in the town, the particular uniform of each family might be registered, and, if there are "scorchers" in Southsea, it might prove an assistance to the police for the identification of offenders.



"THE SKETCH" TAKES A DRIVE.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

It is to be hoped that the Prince of Wales will be able to be at Newmarket next week, as the meetings at headquarters are usually dull when his Royal Highness is not present. The Prince of Wales often mounts his cob in the early morning and canters on to the Heath to watch the early-morning work. The Duke of Cambridge is an early riser and is to be often seen on the race-side of the town at seven in the morning; but Prince Christian is the most regular attendant at morning exercise at Ascot, Goodwood, and Newmarket. Lord Russell of Killowen, too, is an early riser and a follower of the early-morning work; and so was another well-known limb of the law, Sir Henry Hawkins, a few years back. Sir Henry was always accompanied by his favourite dog, Jack.

The Autumn Handicaps have not caught on as I thought they would, perhaps owing to the fact that no owners' commissions have been worked as yet, if we except Herminius, who is said to have been heavily backed by Mr. Hammond for the Cesarewitch. But on the book this horse is held safe by King Crow, who, by-the-bye, has been backed by the public



ON A NORMAN HORSE-FARM: "HOLD YOURSELF UP! THERE'S AN ENGLISHMAN LOOKING!"

more than any other horse, and he has been coupled in all the double-event bets with Newhaven II. I think History has a chance in the long race—that is, if he is not worked too hard, as I believe he runs best when on the big side. Uniform, trained by Webb, is said to be good enough to win the double event, but he is doing no work, and I do not know why people are backing Winkfield's Dower for the Cambridgeshire, as his book form is not good enough.

The value of the times given for races in England is not much. According to the chroniclers, Wildfowler did almost a record time in the St. Leger, and Old Joe, one of the showiest racehorses in training, did ditto when he won the Grand National Steeplechase. To take the times correctly, it wants Mr. Coventry to touch an electric wire with the end of his flag as it falls, the said wire to set a clock going in Judge Robinson's box. As the winner passed the post, the Judge could stop the clock, and we should then get the exact time in which the race was run. Pincus, the Newmarket trainer, believes in the clock for trying his horses, but I cannot see how he can get anything approaching to accuracy.

In reading the reports issued by some of the racecourse companies, I notice much stress is laid on the fact that great improvements have been made in the several club-enclosures. The leading railway companies find it pays to cater liberally for third-class passengers, and, if I am not mistaken, the late Sir Augustus Harris always tried to please his gallery at Drury Lane; so, in turn, those who run racecourses will have to cater better for frequenters of the cheap rings. The club members, who get their racing cheaper than anybody else, are well provided for, and now is the time to do something for the little half-crown punters. Better shelter, better refreshments, and better police-protection should be the motto of the Clerk of the Course in reference to the cheap rings.

As I have mentioned many times before, the racing coupon system seems to be a very popular pastime, and I have heard of runners of coupons receiving as much as £1000 per week wherewith to pay out a possible £500. We seldom hear of the biggest prize being won, which shows the task to be greater than it looks on paper. There is, I believe, one man who boasts of having won over twenty first prizes. On the other hand, many others spend £1 and sometimes £5 per week only to draw a blank. Where the great disappointment comes in in these affairs is to find yourself having to cut up the consolation prize with, say, fifty other competitors.

I believe the powers that be are working out a scheme of some sort for dealing with racecourse ruffianism, which may account for the activity just now shown by several Clerks of Courses in the same direction. I would, however, ask why was it necessary for a big agitation to have been started before the authorities could be brought to see what was apparent to every unbiassed racegoer? If meetings are to be properly protected, the Jockey Club must provide their own police, and not rely on the local constables to administer the law as they think it ought to be. There are many able detectives at Scotland Yard who know the majority of the racecourse roughs, but they are not always available, and the local police are not a success, as a rule, in protecting our racecourses.

Surely the Postmaster-General should adopt some universal rule in the matter of charges for telegrams. I have sent telegrams to a paper in Newcastle for years. Now I am officially informed that I must address my telegrams to Newcastle-on-Tyne. Truly, the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee is great at St. Martin's-le-Grand when the fit takes a hold of the red-tape merchants. Correspondents often inform me that betting is charged for in words sometimes; at others, five figures are allowed to pass for one word. The whole thing is very unsatisfactory, and I respectfully submit to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk that the time has arrived to, at least, let us know what we have to pay for our telegrams.

CAPTAIN COE.

THE PARABLE OF M. DE ROUGETEINT.

It was afternoon-tea time in our office. The Seeker after Truth laid down the *Illimitable Universe Magazine* and turned to our Editor.

"Could we not interview this De Rougeteint?" he asked.

"You may try," the Editor returned gently. "I don't say you'll succeed; but try."

So the Seeker after Truth went West to Southampton Street, to the office of *Dainty Morsels*, which is also the office of the *Illimitable Universe* and several other things, equally big.

"Is the Baronet in?" he inquired. The Baronet was, and the Seeker soon saw him face to face. He was a genial man, with a goodly presence and a flowing beard.

"What can I do for you?" he asked considerably.

"I—that is, my chief—would like very much to interview your M. de Rougeteint if he is visible."

"Unfortunately," said the Baronet, "our M. de Rougeteint is not here to-day; he's out of town, instructing one of *Dainty Morsels* branch establishments."

"Which one, may I ask?"

"Oh, merely our latest annexation: it's called the 'Skittish Association.'"

"The name seems somehow familiar."

"No doubt, no doubt! It used to be called the British Association, but that was a trifle heavy for *Dainty Morsels*; so we have changed all that."

"Do you think," the Seeker inquired, "if I went to Bristol I could see M. de Rougeteint?"

The Baronet shook his head. "I fear, after lecturing, he could not bear the physical strain."

"What! he who has navigated turtles and eaten—dainty morsels of—ahem—?"

"That may be," the Baronet replied; "but, you see, he must save all his strength to answer the lengthy catechism the *D.C.* prints this morning."

"But surely Drs. Bell and Keltie will answer it for him?" suggested the Seeker.

"A bright idea!" cried the Baronet; and he wired the *D.C.* to see if it could be managed.

The Seeker waited until the reply came. The Baronet read it and frowned. "Now, I call this unkind!" he exclaimed. "'The *D.C.* regrets confidence in historical judgment of substitutes proposed too severely shaken to comply.'"

"In that case," said the Seeker, "it will be merciful to spare M. de Rougeteint my catechism; he will certainly need all his resources for the other."

He took leave. When he was gone the Baronet moved uneasily in his chair. "After that advertisement, too!" he sighed; "but no matter. The Skittish Association an outpost of *Dainty Morsels*! That, at least, is compensation!"

In a meadow in Devonshire may be seen a notice-board bearing the following advertisement—

Good Grass for Horses:
Long tails, 3s. 6d. a-week.
Short tails, 2s. 6d. a-week.

The idea is that horses with long tails can whisk off insects and flies, yet not stop feeding, whereas short-tailed animals spend a third of their time in trying in vain to get rid of flies, which, in this hot weather, irritate them so incessantly.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

That a woman should walk in silk attire and siller hae to spare has presumably been her fond desire in all ages, long before the persuasive North Briton dangled his bait in the eyes of Jock o' Hazeldean's sweet-heart, as it has certainly been ever since. But it is curious to notice



AT DONCASTER.

[Copyright.]

how custom sways our judgment in matters sumptuary, all the same. This desirable silk attire of the lyrist would not, for instance, have met our views at all in its accepted classic light half-a-dozen years since, when cloth was in favour and silk looked upon as vulgar, *de modé*, and out of the question for the daylight hours of the well-dressed woman. But fashion changes now even as it did in Montaigne's time, when, for a season, "in every man's opinion all manner of silks were already become so vile and abject that was any man seen to wear them he was presently judged to be some countrie fellow or mechanicall man—silk being left only for Chyrurgians and Physitians." Hard on the barber-surgeons this! But, if such wise fellows as they presumably ought to have been, they, no doubt, had their laugh when the Court changed its capricious mind and once more went forth in brocatelles and embroideries.

Now, in similar manner, we are in a fever-heat of ornamentation and modish intricacies, after a long season of the opposite extreme in severely simple tailor-made and other straight-cut garments. All the gorgeov externals of the Tudor era are revived in the later years of a reign which opened with demure muslins and manners to match—a white-stockinged period of waistless damsels and black silk pelerines, when sloping shoulders, drooping curls, and eyelids in the same attitude were thought the chiefest charms of greatly handicapped maidenhood. Now, even when we hark back to the ancient fashion-plate and drag a grandmotherly vanity into view, it is to aggrandise and exalt it out of all semblance to its original simplicity, belonging to days when machines were not and the least elaborate ornament took weeks to accomplish. Many of the new embroideries and laces to be worn this winter are

miracles of beautiful design and artistic colouring. Most smart gowns for evening or day wear are arranged with panels, revers, fronts, aprons, bearing as much embellishment as braid, beads, sequins, or embroidery silks can lay upon them; while furs, sewn on in narrow lines, are used to enhance, as they greatly do, the effect of all this richness. That good man, St. John Chrysostom, who inveighed so forcibly against the fair dames of old Byzantium and their fondness for the skins of animals with which to eke out the effect of their embroidered draperies, would be more than ever scandalised at the eternal vanity of the vain sex could he but get a view of some up-to-date Parisian gowns for this coming winter of grace, with their highly elaborate decorations and titivations. So many of the dresses worn at the Dutch Coronation festivities having been made in Paris will, doubtless, result in focussing all forthcoming fashions earlier than would otherwise have happened, and the Princesse gowns, entirely covered with embroideries, one of which appeared in almost every trousseau both of the Queens and their *dames de Cour*, will certainly fix this form among our other future arrangements. Again, however, the new tight skirt, which is made without an opening at the back, and fastens up the left hip, is the reverse of graceful, inasmuch as that the smallest fold of drapery is dispensed with, even the central seam at back being lightly laced with two rows of buttons and cord. Its fulness begins all round at about knee-height, and falls very amply about the feet—a rather untidy fashion also, as these skirts will be difficult to hold up, and really require a carriage for their suitable environment.

In Paris many fashionable women who have come up from the country to order their season clothes have found that the latest form of skirts and petticoats are apt to show decided incompatibility of



ANOTHER RACE-GOWN.

[Copyright.]

disposition when worn together, and they have been reduced to silk maillots instead, which, when seriously considered, is rather a chilly arrangement for approaching October ides. I am, indeed, altogether convinced that this skin-tight skirt would have been a more seasonable accompaniment for hot June days.

A bundle of patterns arrived this morning from Paris for an insatiably fashionable little woman who makes one of our North British house-party, and, of course, all the other women staying here too buzzed about them like flies around the traditional honey-pot. There is a certain fascination about a package of patterns when set down in the depths of the country and far removed from the centre of their creation, which never intrigues us in town, so it was with very soul-felt interest each *haute nouveauté* was turned over which had been sent by an affable couturière to her best client. Corduroys there were in profusion, and one weak woman was immediately tempted to order a gamekeeper's brown, to be lined with turquoise silk and narrow trimmings



[Copyright.]

A NEW BICYCLE-DRESS.

of sable and steel embroidery. Also the new shot whipcords looked more than merely nice, one in shot-grey and cherry-colour giving promise of great allurements when properly set forth with steel and chinchilla. Lovely soft zibeline cloths are this winter to show themselves in checks and stripes; one with brown on green looked the very incarnation of an autumn costume, and for tougher wear the new covert-coating effects are an immense improvement on the classic shades of our hitherto affections. Many of the spotted silk reps are rich-looking, and curiously recall the modes of "forty year ago," reminding one of the truism that everything new is also old. There is an effort to revive *matelassé*, I notice also, but, with such ample choice of other good things, it is unlikely that people of taste will encourage the showy glories of this always vulgar style.

Another very distinctive feature of the immediate present has been an outbreak of spots, crêpes, mousselines, as well as other light materials, have taken the complaint very freely. I met a quite ethereal gown at a neighbouring garden-party some days ago, which drew its trailing length of pale-green China crêpe over the lawns and grass-plots with great effect. Black embroidered spots were strewn over the material, while treble rows of narrow velvet ribbon, gathered on one side, edged the joining of blouse-bodice and clinging skirt, which was cut away in front to show a delicious petticoat of ivory silk lace over silk of the same shade. A black velvet sash tied the waist, and fell daintily at one side, the ends being fringed and embroidered to keep it from curling, after the perverse manner of ribbon-velvet in general. One of the new silk-muslin boas, tucked and gathered, matched the ivory

petticoat in tone, and an emerald velvet toque with curled black aigrette and a posy of La France roses finished an ensemble of the first excellence. The most rabid enemy to spots would, in fact, have been inevitably converted on the spot. Those low-necked—or more correctly, collarless—gowns which we have begun to take seriously of late have been *au mieux* with the Parisiennes for what in the American language is expressed as "quite a while." Nevertheless, they did not "arrive" with any certainty to us until late in the Season. They are extremely becoming, and, I hope, will last in fashion for some time, all the more as wrinkled and discoloured necks are largely induced by high, stiff collars. Many object to these uncollared bodices on account of their unswanlike proportions, and others, again, because they own not throats as smooth, snowy, or round as that with which a novelist always fits out his heroine. These, however, should not alone take heart of grace, but to wearing, moreover, the black velvet band fitted with diamond slides which, while charitably concealing our worst points, amiably enhances our best, and gives altogether a picturesque touch to the most unpromising costume. The Parisian Diamond Company, always well to the front with artistic definitions of the newest idea, have many charming designs and revised copies of the old-world neckband ornament, each one so pretty as to tempt one into dispensing with the collarband of well-accredited custom at once. Many of the jewelled combs—once held in such high esteem—are particularly attractive; nor is it only the artful intricacy of the jewel-worker's setting one admires in the company's many-sided productions, but the brilliance and incredibly lustrous quality of their splendidly simulated diamonds and pearls as well. As an instance, I may quote a friend into whose lap the Fates lately dropped a diamond necklace. She was confronted with the admiration of a well-meaning but misguided friend at a dinner two evenings later, who, after some audible admiration, inquired very *sotto voce* if the necklace was not one of those lovely things from the Parisian Diamond Company. It may have been a disconcerting question, but my philosophical friend only remarked, "I wish it were, for in that case much would have been saved and nothing lost." In pearls, above all, I must confess not to seeing the force of spending hundreds on a single string when an absolutely accurate representation can be negotiated for a simple guinea or two. We needs most love the highest when we see it, but, failing the purse or possession of actual jewels, no one in the enlightened and artistic nowadays need go without a satisfactorily equipped jewel-case—or, at least, since the advent of the Parisian Diamond Company in our midst.

One would have supposed that bicycles, not being sympathetic to declivities, would lie as few as fox-hunters on the "steep, steep sides" of North Britain. But we meet with more than a few intrepid wheel-women who face the ups-and-downs of these Highland hills and dales with gaiety, and, in some instances, grace. The bicycle-dress sketched here, for instance, represents a version of the new dove-colour done in covert-coating which I met at a luncheon-party in the Braemar neighbourhood this week. Its wearer had come over thirteen miles of hilly country without turning a hair, and looked as trim as when she started. The colour, a sort of dove-fawn, was braided in a darker tone, and had pipings of white cloth. A black sailor, trimmed with bright pink or ibis wings, as they are called in Paris, gave a capital touch of colour. Another woman present, who was more ornamentally arranged, wore the dress she had figured in at Doncaster the week before. Its pinafore bodice and apron of rock-pigeon cashmere showed an underskirt of brocaded black and white silk, while the upper part of corsage was a clever combination of pleated mousseline lace and narrow black velvet, a large picture-hat crowning all most effectively.

Another graceful gown which I have come on in my country-house peregrinations was arranged much in the manner of this other illustration. It also had figured at a race-meeting—the last of Sandown—and was rendered in the new ruby-colour of which we are forewarned by Paris artists. These dark wine-colours, it may be added, are not becoming to all complexions, but their failings in this connection may be set at naught by the judicious admixture of white next the throat. A brocaded velvet of reds and pinks with a white satin ground accounted for the revers, cuffs, and skirt-ornament of this dress, while a deliciously soft and becoming chemisette of ivory lace over lisse was further enhanced by a cravat of embroidered mousseline-de-soie. A dull sage-green straw hat trimmed with black chiffon and white wings made harmony with the rest. The buttons with which this dress was fastened are worth noting, too. They were of the large wooden order, quite flat, and exquisitely painted with tiny landscapes—a fashion lately come into vogue amongst the best-dressed of Paris. They are, I am told, very expensive, but might easily be copied by any girl of taste and water-colour aptitude.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRIDE-ELECT.—(1) Embroidered cambric medallions appear in most of the new articles of lingerie and have a very pretty effect. All should be edged with lace, fine real Torchon or Valenciennes. The smartest nightgowns are gored and trained with an embarrassment of fluffy lace and ribbon trimmings. This latter is generally drawn through or under lace *entre-deux*, and so removable. The silk petticoats you will find much cheaper if done at home by your maid. The newest pattern is covered with a deep lace skirt beginning at the hips, over which falls point of silk matching or contrasting with the foundation. These are, again, edged with a soft, fluffy ruche, which, if done in contrasting tones of silk, has a charming appearance. (2) You will find Peter Robinson first-rate for smart blouses; your stockings, veils, and gloves can be admirably done by Charles Lee, of Wigmore Street, who is a specialist in these matters.

DOWN-AT-HEEL (Worthing).—There is a new, recently invented cycling-shoe which has a steel plate fixed in the sole. Perhaps that is what you are looking for.

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Sept. 27.

MONEY.

In spite of a Stock Exchange Settlement that was rather heavier than usual, the Money Market still continued to stand at ease, and the floating supply of loanable capital seems larger than ever. The remarkable scarcity of new issues accounts, in part, for this abundance, and bankers were unable to obtain more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 per cent. from Capel Court, where the general carrying-over rates ruled about the same as those of the preceding Account. Anxious eyes are still attempting to pierce the cloud that hangs around the gold movements in New York, and a comparatively small withdrawal for the States last Friday was said to be only the prelude of the coming drain upon our central institution. The ease of the New York exchange is also a prominent factor in the position, and there is a tendency to discount that hardening of rates which often comes with the end of the quarter. The price of gold as we write is £3 18s.; and there is some competition between American and German houses to secure it at this price. Discount rates, however, are uninteresting, and three months' bills are being done $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which is practically no change on the week. The Bank of England Return showed that the reserve had increased to over twenty-four million pounds, but this is £733,016 less than it was a year ago. By sending in its cash, the country helped to raise the "Other Deposits" by £436,788, an amount which was still further helped by the amount distributed by the Government. A slightly stronger position of the Bank is shown by the ratio of reserve to liabilities having risen to $49\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. above that of a week ago. At this time last year, however, the ratio was $51\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The India Council readily disposed of its two millions sterling bills, tenders coming to over three and a-half times more than the amount offered. The average rate realised was £2 12s. per cent., or fourpence per cent. higher than that at which last year's issue of $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions was placed. Three-quarters per cent. has been obtained by the India Council for loans to the end of the month, and one per cent. was charged for money that was lent into October. It is stated that the rumoured Russian Loan is only part of a series of emissions which have lately been made in Berlin and St. Petersburg for the purpose of railway construction and improvement. It is not surprising that these issues should have been confined to the Continent, in view of recent political events.

EGYPTIAN BONDS.

Ex nihilo nihil fit. The proverb-maker forgot Egypt, or else his sense of humour had not so far degenerated as to cause him to make any allowance for the trifle with words who followed in his train. But had it not been for the Nile, Egypt's position among the countries of the world would have sunk to that of a second-class South American State, instead of being one which can command a respectable premium on its National Debt in the Stock Exchanges of Europe. The whole amount of the country's borrowings is $104\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling in round figures, and there are no Internal loans at all. The public debt per head works out at £15 7s., or rather less than a pound under that of Great Britain and Ireland, where the figures are £16 4s. 9d. Every year Egypt has to provide about £4,300,000 to pay the interest on her loans, and the total public income is nearly eleven millions sterling. One of the best-known Egyptian securities in this country is the 3 per cent. Guaranteed Loan of 1885, which takes its place in the list of Trustee stocks and is guaranteed by Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Russia, and Italy. Perhaps first in order of popularity among British investors is the 4 per cent. Unified Loan, which can be bought to return $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to a purchaser, and, after the 3 per cent. Guaranteed Loan, the Unified Debt stands as a charge upon the Customs revenues, the duty upon tobacco imports, and the revenues of sundry provinces. The redemption of the bonds may be made out of the Reserve Fund, by purchase if under par, or by drawings at par. The other Egyptian loans dealt in by Throgmorton Street are the 4 per cent. Daira Bonds, the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. State Domain Bonds, and the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Preferences, and the returns range from a trifle over 4 per cent. on the "Domain" to $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the last-named Preference Bonds. Egypt herself is likely to be immensely benefited by the presence of her white visitors, and the conduct of the native soldiers at the Battle of Omdurman seems to point to a vigorous awakening of the national spirit. The prices of Egyptian stocks have not been slow to respond to the change; but, even at to-day's prices, the careful investor might go farther and fare worse in his search for the employment of his money than by the purchase of a few "Egypt" to put away with his securities.

ARGENTINES.

A crop of rumours about the eternal boundary question between the Argentine and Chili Republics has sprung up in such bewildering conflict that the market has been fairly puzzled as to what to make of the whole business. First, we learn that the experts of the two countries came to the end of their work by the discovery that the differences between them were too great to allow any sort of agreement ever being arrived at without external aid. The treaty of 1896 expressly provides a remedy for this by proposing that Queen Victoria should be invited to act as arbitrator between the two countries; but the proposal has never been acted upon, although it is understood that Chili is quite willing to adopt this course. Then came a report that such procedure was repugnant to the Argentine Government, and Chili thereupon called out

its National Guard, ostensibly to take part in the Autumn Manœuvres. On the top of this, two items of news appeared on the same day of a totally opposite nature. The correspondent of an American journal wired from Valparaiso that the boundary dispute was "like y to develop into a great South American conflagration," a statement which consorts oddly with the information of the *Times* to the effect that the Argentine Government had agreed to submit the matter to arbitration, and had informed our Foreign Office of their purpose. That was last Thursday, and, on the dual statements, an all-round rise in Argentines ensued. The Minister of the Argentine Republic at Paris writes to say that the provisions of the arbitration treaties have been, and will always be, observed by his Government, so that, taking it all round, the political atmosphere as regards the two South Americans has been decidedly nebulous. We consider it extremely improbable that hostilities will be allowed to come to a head, and the time may not be far off when Argentine stocks will look cheap once again. Meanwhile, holders should still wait for the settlement of the question.

HOME RAILS.

Punctual as the season itself are the fears of dearer money in the autumn, and on those fears hang tremblingly the prices of Home Railway stocks. Why they should, and what earthly difference a rise of one per cent. in the Bank Rate would make to the value of the securities, are questions best left to the logical powers of the Stock Exchange. Should money become more expensive, carrying-over rates would naturally stiffen if there were a sufficiently large "bull" account open, but in an active market little heed is paid to contangoes unless they become exorbitantly stiff. Rates were a trifle lighter last Account, as a matter of fact, and backwardations fell to bulls of Brighton "A" and Great Western. Comparing the last making-up prices with the ruling quotations of six months ago, an irregular tendency is shown that is somewhat curious, and we tabulate the Official List prices of Saturday, March 12, with those fixed on the last Contango-day—

Stock.	March 12.	Last Make-up.	Rise or Fall.
Brighton "A" ...	174 $\frac{1}{2}$...	176 $\frac{1}{2}$...	+ 2
Caledonian Def. ...	56 $\frac{1}{2}$...	54 $\frac{1}{2}$...	- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Chatham Ord. ...	19 $\frac{1}{2}$...	23 $\frac{1}{2}$...	+ 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
" 2nd Pref. ...	94 ...	117 ...	+ 23
Great Eastern ...	120 $\frac{1}{2}$...	120 $\frac{1}{2}$...	None
Great Northern Def. ...	52 $\frac{1}{2}$...	57 ...	+ 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Western ...	171 $\frac{1}{2}$...	167 $\frac{1}{2}$...	- 4
Hull and Barnsley ...	46 ...	52 ...	+ 6
North-Western ...	198 $\frac{1}{2}$...	200 ...	+ 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
South-Western Def. ...	92 ...	92 ...	None
Midland Def. ...	86 $\frac{1}{2}$...	86 $\frac{1}{2}$...	+ $\frac{1}{2}$
North British Ord. ...	43 $\frac{1}{2}$...	41 $\frac{1}{2}$...	- 2
North-Eastern ...	174 $\frac{1}{2}$...	175 $\frac{1}{2}$...	+ 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
South-Eastern Def. ...	109 $\frac{1}{2}$...	108 $\frac{1}{2}$...	- 1

The largest rise is shown by Hull and Barnsley, which has risen 6 per cent. for the same reason that Great Western has dropped 4. The fall of 1 in Dover "A" looks queer beside the advance of $3\frac{1}{2}$ in Little Chathams, and suggests object-lessons in possible effects of the amalgamation. It will be seen, however, that the general tendency is upward, despite last month's disappointing dividends and reports, and the traffics of the larger lines for the half-year to date show substantial increases, with the painful exception of the Great Western, which had a decrease of £129,670 from June 30 up to last Wednesday. It must be borne in mind by intending buyers that there are certain extra risks in buying before the winter instead of after it, and that the wisacres have some ground for their saws about being "bears" of Home Rails in the autumn and "bulls" in the spring-time.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

The Stock Exchange, says our correspondent in the House, generally reckons that its busiest months lie between the end of September and the beginning of April, and the markets are once more filling up all round in expectation of more profitable times, although there are still a good many members away shooting. The main drawback to the investment of the unemployed capital of clients is the hazy political outlook, which the Disarmament Conference may help to brighten. The Consol Market has been selected for the "bear" operations of those who wanted a hedge against their commitments for the rise in Yankees or in Kaffirs, although here and there one comes across a man in the House who stoutly argues that to sell Consols as a speculation is nothing short of unpatriotic. The Foreign Market at one moment is selling Argentine and Chili stocks with might and main upon some alarmist telegrams about the boundary dispute, and the next minute is talking favourably of the unique Arbitration Treaty between Italy and the Silver Republic, whose example may be followed by other nations. The Cretan trouble is a dark spot, as Turkish stocks have experienced this last week, and the House has not quite made up its mind how much to believe about the agreement between this country and the Fatherland. Business here is very quiet, and lacks the fire of the American Market, which, however, for a time, has been deserted by London in favour of Kaffirs. A very singular effect of the rise in South Africans is the apathetic listlessness of the Miscellaneous Market, which managed to keep its head above water all through the stagnant first half of the year. The Soda-Water Market has dried up; the popular provision and scone-and-butter shares have lost their charm; it is as easy to wander through the middle of the market as it is difficult to plough your way through the seething turmoil of the Kaffir Circus. But still all round the House one hears the same prophecy about the better times in store, and here and there one even finds a broker or a jobber who owns to being really busy.

SWEET SORROW.

When Fullers, Limited, sent out a notice convening an extraordinary general meeting for a particular purpose that was not stated, public curiosity was aroused by the vague wording of the circular. Consequently, a good deal of interest attaches to the somewhat rowdy meeting held at the aristocratic Hammersmith last Friday, and an unpleasant scene followed the announcement of the mysterious resolution, which ran thus—"That if Thomas Blair, of 1, Wool Exchange, Basinghall Street, in the County of London, be still a director of the company, then he be removed from the office of director." After some lively and undignified sparring, a shareholder got up and observed that, so far as he could make out, what Mr. Blair had done was to dispose of the shares he held, while the other directors retained their stake in the company, but eventually the resolution was carried on a poll being taken, after it had been declared lost upon a show of hands. Then the meeting left its unseemly wrangling, and got to business. The company could have paid 13 per cent., declared the chairman, but, as it had to provide the funds for its new home, the directors had decided to distribute 8 per cent., which seems a good-enough return on sweetmeats and cakes. Last year a tip was passed round the Stock Exchange to buy these shares, then standing about 1½, since some of the company's shops were on the line of the Jubilee Procession; but a steady fall has taken them down to their present quotation of 1, at which price they do not look dear as a speculative investment. The market, however, is a limited one at the best of times, and the shares are not quoted in the Official List.

KAFFIRS.

The Making-up Price-lists on the last Mining Contango-day showed that a rise had taken place in 182 South African shares, and that the fall had only claimed 22 victims. Most of the changes were of a relatively small description, the largest advance being scored by Rand Mines, whose gain of 2½ was ⅔ more than that of Modderfonteins. Had contangoes been arranged at the second day's prices, the "bulls" would have scored a much more decided triumph, but, as it was, they secured fair profits, and started the account with shares at a level, which was soon left behind when dealing began for the "new time," that is, for the end of September. The one absorbing topic in the Kaffir Circus for the past week has been the likelihood of the upward movement—we cannot see where the "boom" comes in, so far—continuing or meeting with a violent end. However bright and strong the market might look for a few days, there are painful reminiscences not yet obliterated of the same kind of thing happening before, with its inevitable consequence of leaving the "bulls" in the cart, and dispelling all the rosy hopes of the optimists in a few hours' steady stream of sales. But yet there seemed rather more to go upon than has been the case with the occasional flashes in the pan to which we have been treated since the collapse of the last "boom." Apart from the merely speculative interest which attaches to the Delagoa Bay agreement, and suchlike rumours, there has been a strong undercurrent during the last six months which has made it exceedingly difficult, as we have pointed out on several occasions, to buy anything like a "line" of the dividend-paying, gilt-edged Kaffirs. The rise, of course, has been most sharply felt by the more speculative concerns, in which the fall would be equally pronounced upon any turn in the tide, but the best gold shares in many cases may still be bought as an investment likely to improve in value by reason of the speculative demand which, if it once again revived, would take no account of the actual percentage returned.

The recent rise in the Kaffir Market took the price of Chartered from 2⅞ to 3⅞ in about a fortnight. This is what our correspondent at Bulawayo writes to us about

RHODESIA AND THE PRICE OF CHARTEREDS.

Rhodesia on its agricultural side more closely resembles some districts of Natal than the high veld of the Transvaal or Orange Free State. Natal is pre-eminently the "country of samples"; its colonists grow little patches of nearly everything, and not very much of anything, unless possibly sugar. The agricultural capabilities of Rhodesia are somewhat on a par with those of Natal, but the full-blooded Rhodesian would stand aghast if you hinted that he had come into another "country of samples." In Natal there is no market on the spot to speak of, the total white population of the Colony being under 50,000; but here in Rhodesia, if there is going to be a successful mining industry, there will necessarily be a large population and good markets, which will require more than "samples." Without taking too sanguine a view of agriculture in Rhodesia, there is no apparent reason why the country should not be able to feed any probable population, and yet, if it does this, it will beat every other State in South Africa. All the Colonies and States in this part of the world are in the position of importing large quantities of produce from America and Australia, and the agricultural exports are practically confined to wool, hides, and ostrich feathers.

I have conversed with men (Mr. P. D. Crewe, for example) who lived in the country in the time of Lobengula, and their testimony is to the effect that the natives, besides having large stocks of cattle, were able to raise good crops of the kind usually grown in South Africa. Bulawayo of to-day is built on the site of the late Loben's mealie-garden, and if you have to plough your way through the unmade streets in the wet season you will never afterwards doubt the practical wisdom of the dusky potentate's choice. All the ordinary root-crops grow well in the country, beside wheat, oats, lucerne, &c., while the native indigenous crops, such as mealies, sweet potatoes, Kaffir corn, &c., thrive luxuriantly. You get the ordinary English table-vegetables at any hotel in the country, and the householder can buy these on the Bulawayo morning market at prices which, though certainly not extravagant, represent a good return to the market-gardener. The well-known English flowers and shrubs grow well anywhere, and in the public park at Bulawayo you will see as fine a collection of plants as in any public garden at home.

But there is a "fly in the ointment." Insect life in this country is simply rampant, and some forms of it are particularly harmful. War has to be constantly waged against the white ant, for example, by the agriculturist or

gardener who would have any success. This most pestilential insect is one of the curses of the country. So far from confining its ravages to the open, it invades the privacy of your apartments, wrecks the woodwork of the building before you are aware of its presence, and in a single night will tunnel its way through your leather bag or boots. But the white ant is not peculiar to Rhodesia. I have met the gentry in other parts, but here, as I have said, they are rampant. To overcome this difficulty of insect pests, it is agreed that the winter season should be taken advantage of for cropping, but this implies irrigation, for winter is the dry season here. The Chartered Company has agreed to advance one-half the cost of any irrigation works, and Mr. Rhodes has a gigantic scheme of the kind on hand for his big farm outside Bulawayo. Irrigation has never, somehow, made much progress in South Africa. In Rhodesia the country lends itself readily to works of this description. There is a good rainfall in the summer months, and there are numerous rivers which flow all the year round. Touching the white ant, it is fortunate that a native teak-wood, of which there are immense forests to the north-west of Bulawayo, has been proved to be impervious to the horrid insect. This native wood is being largely used for building purposes in the country, and, as it takes on an excellent polish, it is also being made into articles of furniture.

Malarial fever is another of the country's pests, but the evidence of medical men shows that this particular evil has been greatly exaggerated. Last season was admittedly the worst for fever for many a day, yet I have the authority of Dr. Arnold, of the Bulawayo Hospital, for stating that the deaths from this cause in that institution for the twelve months ended June last were only 2·85 per cent. of the total number of cases. Out of 701 cases admitted there were only nineteen deaths, of which seven were those of patients admitted in a state of collapse, and three were sufferers from blackwater fever. The cases came from all parts of the country. Numbers of them had put off the risks and inconvenience of a long journey till the fever was greatly aggravated, and Dr. Arnold seems to have common sense on his side in arguing that, had such cases been dealt with in the preliminary stages of the trouble, the death-rate would have been even lower than 2·85 per cent. As it is, Dr. Arnold's valuable testimony, covering a twelvemonth's work in the leading hospital of the country, and in a year when the fever was worse than it had been for a long period, wholly disproves the popular notion that Rhodesia is a sort of white man's grave, for malarial fever is the only disease one has to dread in Rhodesia. Typhoid, which carries off its hundreds of victims each year in Johannesburg, and is the scourge of nearly all the older South African towns, has as yet only a slender footing in Bulawayo.

In this and previous letters I have stated fairly all the salient points with reference to Rhodesia. Summing up all that can be said for and against the country, the investor invites me to tabulate the intrinsic value of Chartered. It is quite impossible at the present stage of development to estimate with any degree of accuracy what the country is going to be worth or what is a fair price for the shares of the Chartered Company. It is admitted on all hands that the company depends upon the mining industry, and the mining industry alone, and the question of the intrinsic value of the shares really narrows itself down to the value in pounds, shillings, and pence of the mining prospects. The company claims 50 per cent. of the vendor capital of every mine in the country, but we know that the claim is never exacted in full. Some companies have made very satisfactory compromises for their shareholders with the Chartered Board. Willoughby's, for example, has bought out the Chartered Company for 100,000 shares, standing to-day, roughly, at par. Now let us suppose that there are ten Willoughby's in the country, and that each compromises on similar terms, and we have one million sterling as the gross sum to be acquired by the Chartered Company for its mining rights. Twenty Willoughby's would produce just two millions sterling, and it is hard to conceive that Sir John Willoughby, who was one of the first capitalists in the country, would pass by gold-claims enough for nineteen other gentlemen to form companies with, each coming before the British public with a nominal capital of a million sterling. If it is impossible to estimate the intrinsic value of Chartered, it is quite easy to say whether the shares are dear or cheap at 50s. The company has an issued capital of £4,000,000, and £1,250,000 debentures as well. A hundred thousand shares in Sir John Willoughby's company and a few other similar contributions will not go far to reduce this enormous capital liability.

Some may think that a proportion of the Chartered Company's capital ought to be a permanent debt against the country, to be taken over by the new Government when Rhodesia becomes a self-governing colony. This view is not shared by people in the country, who naturally want to make the best terms they can, and who will fight hard against being saddled with a farthing more than is represented by solid assets. This is the view taken even by men who cordially stand by the Chartered Company as the best possible government for the country at the moment. When the day comes for it to go, they will hurry it out of the country without any compunction. "Why should we pay for the Jameson Raid and the native war to which it led?" say these men. It is hard to see why the residents of Rhodesia should be made to pay, but even the Chartered Company has not yet squared up with Mr. Kruger for the "moral and intellectual" damage sustained by the Transvaal burghers.

The idea of regarding the capital of the Chartered Company as a kind of Rhodesian National Debt is one which finds many supporters, both in the Stock Exchange and out of it, but there seems to be a good deal of solid sense in the refusal of the Rhodesians to accept such a responsibility, which, if market rumour is worth anything, is shortly to be once more increased.

Saturday, Sept. 17, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SHEFFIELD.—We are afraid you have no choice, as the market has almost died out in the shares. Sell them if you can.

ROCHDALE.—The first three are fair industrial investments, but we should not choose No. 4. We cannot make out what you mean by No. 5.

E. W. J.—The Bonanza is a good mine, and pays handsome dividends, but its "life" can only last a few years longer. The price looks quite high enough.

ATALANTA.—Do not touch the debentures, and clear out of the shares. Of course, the other things are a gamble pure and simple, but you may get a run for your money.

NEW CRÆSUS.—The mine is still shut down, and we should sell the shares now, in case there should not be another chance.

The Directors of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa (1898), Limited, after paying the dividend of 6 per cent. on the Preference shares to June 30, have also declared an interim dividend on the Ordinary shares for the past half-year at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum.